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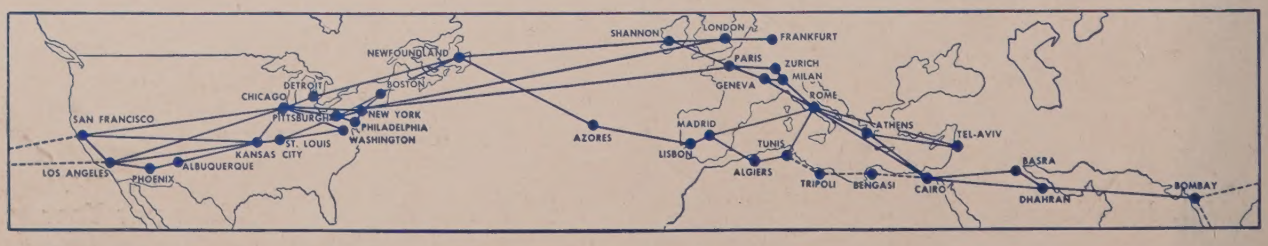

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DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS

THE NATIVITY *by Photis Kontoglou*

● This mural is done in the traditional Byzantine style by an artist who seeks to equate modern values in an old theme. The fusion of modernism with Byzantinism is quite successful, remembering always that Kontoglou is also a revivalist. Not that Byzantine Art needs a revival, as a matter of fact it has never ceased to serve, but Kontoglou feels that he has given it a shot in the arm by impregnating it with contemporary trends. The synthesis is Greek Orthodox down to the preparation of the bath for the newborn baby. The bath incident is from the apocryphal gospel of the apostle Iacovos or St. James. Kontoglou has done a number of churches in Athens and they are all good. The above mural embellishes a private chapel.

ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of HELLENIC THOUGHT

WINTER, 1951 DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS, Editor VOL. XI - No. 4

What Democracy Meant To Its Founders - the Greeks

(Quotations and Opinions from original sources compiled by C. J. LAMPOS)

The Homeric poems represent the Greeks in the Heroic Age as ruled by hereditary kings of semi-divine or super-human lineage.

The king was the priest, judge, and military leader of his people. He was expected to prove his divine right to rule by his courage, strength, wisdom, and eloquence. Otherwise, "the sceptre departed from him."

The king was surrounded by a council (boule) of chief's or nobles. This council was simply an advisory body. The king could act according to his own will or judgment, restrained only by the time-honored customs of the community.

There was also a general assembly (Agora) of common freemen, which was merely called together to hear what had been discussed and decided by the king and nobles.

*

This assembly had no powers in the Homeric Age, but it was destined to become the all-powerful popular assembly in the democratic cities of historic Greece.

*

Slavery existed, but it (the slave class) was not as numerous as during the later historic period in Greece. Slaves increased due to the incessant wars . . .

*

"The day of slavery takes away half our manhood."

—Homer

Hesiod, a Boeotian poet who sang toward end of the 8th Century, B. C., was the first to protest against social injustice.

*

Historic Greece begins with the 8th and 7th centuries B. C.

Growth of city-states goes back to prehistoric times.

Each city was a highly developed social and political organism . . . Each was an independent, self-governing community, like a modern state. It made war and peace, and held diplomatic relations with its neighbors. Its citizens were aliens in every other city.

ARISTOTLE argues that there is a limit to the size of a city as there is to a plant, animal, or ship. It should be large enough to be "self-sufficing", but not too large to be well governed. That the government might be good, he thought the city should be small enough to enable each citizen to know his fellow-citizens.

—ARISTOTLE "Politics" vii, 4

*

By the dawn of the historic period, many of the paternal monarchies had given way to oligarchies or aristocracies. the power was in the hands of the former "Zeus-born" king's council of nobles.

In Sparta the kings (there were two) remained, but they were merely shadow-sovereigns.

Oppression of these oligarchs, or rather misrule, forms the starting-point of democracy . . .

*

Many of the oligarchies were superseded by tyrannies—The period between 650 and 500 B.C. is often referred to as the "Age of the Tyrants"—though there were tyrants long before and long after this . . .

By the term "Tyrannos" the Greeks did not necessarily mean one who ruled harshly, though he usually did, but one who seized control of the government.

But their selfish, arbitrary rule made them very unpopular, and the tyrant sat upon an unstable throne—

witness the sword of Democles episode

tyrannicide came to be regarded as a heroic deed

*

At the dawn of history Athens (7th century B. C.) had an oligarchical form of government and embracing most of Attica . . .

The king's authority in prehistoric Athens was first limited, Aristotle tells us, by the appointment of a commander-in-chief (Polemarch) to supply the military ability lacking in some of the kings.

later a new magistrate, called the Archon, was added—he had an administrative role

in 752 B. C. the king's power was further curtailed by limiting his rule to a term of ten years

in 712 b. c. the office was thrown open to all the nobles, and in 682 b. c. the term was limited to one year

*

"Man is by nature a social and political animal."

—ARISTOTLE

Aristotle believed that men find more satisfaction and work better when they do what they like and live as they please.

Both Plato and Aristotle were aristocrats by birth . . .

Though by no means an ardent democrat, Aristotle preferred democracy to monarchy and oligarchy—personal liberty for all and a distribution of offices and rewards on a basis of equality of individuals.

Aristotle believed that when democracy becomes a vital institution, it is destined to be more long-lived and stable than oligarchy.

*

The natives of Europe and of cold climates, wrote Aristotle, are full of courage but wanting in intelligence, while the reverse is true of the inhabitants of Asia, "but the Hellenic race, which is situated between them, is likewise intermediate in character, being courageous and intelligent. Wherefore it continues free and continues to be the best governed and it could rule all men, if it were one polity."—ARISTOTLE'S "Politics".

"When several villages are united in a single community, perfect and large enough to be nearly or quite self-sufficing, the state comes into existence, originating in the bare needs of life and continuing in existence for the sake of the good life."—ARISTOTLE

ARISTOTLE says a good citizen "should know how to govern like a freeman, and how to obey like a freeman".
—"Politics", 1277

"The demos was the cause of the victory in the Persian War, and it began to get a notion of itself (its head was turned) and it followed worthless demogogues, whom the better class opposed."—ARISTOTLE "Politics"

*

Democracy is the form of government that asks the most of every citizen.

In Athens the citizen was the city.

*

Speaking of the fall of the notorious Four Hundred and the establishment of a moderate democracy in Athens in 411 B. C., Thucydides says: "This government, during the early days, was the best which the Athenians enjoyed ever within my memory. Oligarchy and democracy were duly attempered."—THUCYDIDES, viii, 97
Socrates was a critic of the Athenian democracy. For instance, he ridiculed the method of selecting magistrates by the use of the lot, as though the lot could pick out the men best fitted to govern

His criticism of the flaws of the democratic system was one of the reasons why he was condemned to drink the hemlock, 399 b. c.

*

In most cases the city-state consisted of a single walled-town. Sometimes, however, outlying communities were included.

Athens was the main exception, including most of Attica with its hundreds of villages and settlements. Those who enjoyed the privilege of voting in the public assembly of these smaller units were also Athenian citizens. Athens also was the only city-state which developed an extensive local and overseas empire—by federation, conquest, and settlement.

The wonderful thing we know as Greek civilization—its philosophy, arts, and free institutions—was the product of the city-state . . .

The various inter-city festivals and games, plus the common language, formed the only Greek unity.

At various times there were leagues, councils, and coalitions, but there was never a single government in all Greece—even under Alexander the Great . . .

THE AMPHICTYONIC COUNCIL, a prehistoric "league of neighbors", was supposed to protect the Temple of Apollo at Delphi.

By trying to lessen the cruelties of war through humane regulations, it was one of the first steps in the practice of international law.

*

Democracy made public speaking possible

"It was the prevalence of public speaking that was one of the principal causes of the intellectual eminence of the nation generally."—GROTE

*

"Men should not think it slavery to live according to the rule of a constitution, for it is their salvation".
—ARISTOTLE

*

To the Greeks democracy meant a city-state governed by the people gathered in assembly.

Thucydides states that during the Peloponnesus War attendance at the ekklesia (assembly) never rose to 5,000. (About 40,000 Athenians, some living in the outlying districts of Attica or the colonies, were eligible to attend.

Ten regular meetings were held each year in Cleisthenes' day, forty at the time of Aristotle.

Council of 500 (boule) merely framed proposals for consideration by the assembly.

*

Solon believed the chief asset of Athens was the individual.

Solon devised a moderate system of popular government

"I have given the common people sufficient power to assure them of dignity, and I have protected those of great wealth and influence. I took a firm stand, holding my stout shield over both classes, so that neither should run any unfair advantage.—SOLON

With Solon for the first time the theory was stated that government is an impartial arbiter, reconciling conflicting interests

"Equality", said Solon, "meaning equality before the law", breeds no revolution.

Solon believed the practice of justice was actually more profitable than its violation

Solon prohibited the practice of securing debts on the body of the debtor. No Athenian after this was ever sold into slavery for debt.

The great historian Ranke says: "Solon's laws respecting debtors may perhaps be regarded as one of the first steps towards recognition of human dignity."

SOLON'S reforms came in 594 B. C.

*

The Constitution of Cleisthenes 508 b. c.

In place of the four so-called Ionian tribes, Cleisthenes divided or rather formed ten new tribes, enrolling all the free inhabitants of Athens—including resident aliens and emancipated slaves . . .

this was a wide "extension of the franchise" . . .

the new tribes were made up of a number of local subdivisions, called "demes"—hence, the word "democracy" . . .

Cleisthenes introduced the system of ostracism—whereby the people could, simply by voting against a person, banish him from Athens without trial for a period of ten years

this was designed to prevent tyrants like the Peisistratidae
it worked unfairly against Themistocles and Aristides

Athenian democracy was assured by the Constitution of Cleisthenes

*

The democratic spirit is best revealed in the remark of Aristides, just before the battle of Salamis, to his bitter rival Themistocles. Extending his hand to the man who had ruined his career, Aristides said: "Let our rivalry ever be, and particularly at such a moment as this, a generous contention as to which shall confer the greatest benefit upon our country."

ARISTIDES: "Neither all the gold in the world, nor the most beautiful and productive of lands, offered them (the Athenians) as a bribe, would induce them to join the Medes and help to enslave Hellas."

*

The defeat of Persia was essentially a democratic victory. The common men of Athens saved Greece from slavery.—Walter R. Agard

Some of the wealthier people in Athens, fearing democratic control more than foreign domination, were pro-Persian.—Walter R. Agard

*

The Athenians replied to agents of the Persian king: "We know as well as you do that the power of your king is far greater than our own. Nevertheless, because we love liberty, we shall fight as best we can."
—HERODOTUS VIII, 143

"So the Athenians increased in power. It is obvious, not from their example only, but from many others, that freedom is a good thing; for even the Athenians, as long as they were under a tyrant's yoke, were not one bit braver than any of their neighbors, but as soon as they shook off their yoke they became by far the first. While living under oppression they let themselves be beaten, because they were working for a master; but when they won their freedom each man wanted to do the best he could, because he knew that he would enjoy the fruits of his effort."—HERODOTUS, V, 78

Herodotus likely favored a moderate democratic constitution . . .

*

The tyrants' misrule deepened the Greeks' love for constitutional government and made them ever watchful of their freedom

it was liberty and self-government that gave the Greeks their determination and devotion to resist the Persians

Had the Persians conquered Greece, the world would have never reaped the benefits of the civilization which the Greeks developed, especially in Athens, between the years 480 to 320 B. C. Aeschylus, first of the great dramatist, wrote his best works after Marathon and Salamis

*

PERICLES
POLITICAL BOSS OF ATHENS

From 460 B. C. to his death shortly after the opening of the Peloponnesian War, Pericles was the very soul of the Athenian democracy . . .

"Pericles was the chosen and trusted guide of at once the most pure and the most democratic government the world had ever,—nay has ever seen, and which owed this qualification, at least, very importantly to himself. What it achieved under his guidance, what he achieved by command of its councils and resources, it has taxed the best powers of the best critics and the best historians both of politics and of the arts to tell."
—LLOYD, "The Age of Pericles" vol. ii, 97

Almost all public offices were filled by the use of the lot—exception being a few key positions in the army and navy which called for special qualifications and were filled by ballot or open voting . . .

*

"Freedom, if we hold fast to it, will ultimately restore our losses, but submission will mean permanent loss of all that we value."—PERICLES

"As for property, a man is not barred from a public career by obscurity of rank, if he but has it in him to do the state a service."—PERICLES

"Judging freedom to be happiness, and courage to be the creator of freedom, it remains for you not to fear any risks, but to rival what these men have done."
—PERICLES

"To those of you who call yourselves men of peace, I say: You are not safe unless you have men of action at your side."—PERICLES

"All of us share in considering and deciding public policy, in the belief that debate is no hindrance to action, but that action is sure to fail when it is undertaken without full preliminary discussion."—PERICLES

"Our government is called a democracy, because its administration is in the hands, not of the few, but of the many. Yet, although all men are equal in the sight of the law, they are rewarded by the community on the basis of their merit; neither social position nor wealth, but ability alone, determines the service that a man renders."—PERICLES

"We regard the man who does no public service, not as one who minds his own business, but as worthless."
—PERICLES

Pericles said that the Athenians' courage was due to their freedom and liberated minds rather than to rigorous discipline and state-made compulsion. (A slap at the Sparta system)—PERICLES

*

After the death of Pericles (of the plague), the leadership at Athens fell largely into the hands of unprincipled demagogues . . .

Syracuse at the time of the Athenian siege of their city, 415 B. C., had fifteen generals in charge, because they thought it was more democratic to manage their military affairs through a numerous commission than trust them to one man who might use his command to overthrow the constitution . . .

Syracuse, like most of the cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia, had a democratic form of government at this time . . .

*

SPARTA

Sparta was the bulwark of tradition and limited privileges; Athens the champion of progress and the sovereign people.

*

Two kings, one a check upon the other. For five centuries there was no successful attempt of a Spartan king to subvert the constitution . . .

monarchy in form, but a feudal aristocracy in fact.

Senate (gerousia) consisted of 28 elders plus the two kings. Members had to be 60 years old or over. A judicial and legislative body.

The General Assembly (Apella) was composed of all the citizens of Sparta over 30 years old. This body decided matters of war and peace, passed laws. But it dealt only with matters brought before it by the Senate . . .

The General Assembly elected the Senators . . .

no general debate . . . the Spartans hated windy discussions. Only magistrates and invited persons could address the assembly

Sparta probably the only state which never fell into the hands of a tyrant

Both Sparta and Athens helped other cities overthrow tyrants, but Sparta tried to encourage in them oligarchical governments like her own, while Athens was the ardent champion of democracy . . .

The incessant fighting in ancient Greece was really a struggle between the Spartan and the Athenian way of life—C. J. Lampos

*

State socialism at Sparta (though Sparta was a constitutional monarchy)

State Socialism by reason of its militarism, discipline, efficiency . . . subordination of the individual to the state.

"All admire Sparta, but all are averse from adopting their system."—XENOPHON

*

Sosicles of Corinth denounced the Spartans for wishing to restore the tyrant Hippias to Athens (between 510 and 490 B. C.) He called the rule of tyrannies "the wickedest and bloodiest" of all things in the world. "If indeed ye think it good for cities to be ruled by tyrants, ye should first set a tyrant over yourselves. If ye had experienced, as we have, what a tyrant is, ye would bring before us sounder opinions on the subject than those ye have now declared."—HERODOTUS V, 92

*

Plato wants a constitutional system "where there is to be a combination of liberty and amity with wisdom." "Laws" 693 d

society "must have freedom, must have amity with itself, must have understanding." "Laws" 701 d

(What Plato really advocates in "The Republic" is an idealized form of what may be called state socialism.)

*

"Athens has so distanced the rest of the world in power of thought and speech that her disciples have become the teachers of all other men. She has brought it to pass that the name of Greek should be thought no longer a matter of race but a matter of intelligence; and should be given to the participators in our culture rather than to the sharers of our common origin."—ISOCRATES

Speaking of the Golden Age of Pericles, Isocrates said (about 100 years later): "We governed all cities by the same laws, debating their affairs in the federal spirit, not in a spirit of absolutism; watching over the interests of the whole league, but leaving every member of it free,—helping the commons and warring against despotism,—thinking it monstrous that the few should be masters of the many and that those who are below them in point of property but in other respects not a whit their inferiors should be excluded from office."

—ISOCRATES in "Panegyricus" 103-106

*

"Democracies and dictators cannot exist together. Every dictator in an enemy of freedom."—DEMOSTHENES "Treat weaker states as you would wish stronger states to treat you."—ISOCRATES "Golden Rule" for Greek cities

*

Many of the ancients credited democracy as the nursing-mother of genius, particularly oratory. Wondering why men who had the gift of persuasion to the utmost extent had no place in public life in his age (about 250 A. D.) Longinus writes:

"Can it be that we are to accept the trite explanation that democracy is the kind nursing-mother of genius, and that literary power may be said to share its rise and fall with democracy and democracy alone? For freedom, it is said, has power to feed the imaginations of the lofty-minded and to inspire hope, and where it prevails there spreads abroad the eagerness of mutual rivalry and the emulous pursuit of the foremost place. Moreover, owing to the prizes which are open to all under popular government, the mental excellences of the orator are continually exercised and sharpened, and as it were rubbed bright, and shine forth, as it is natural they should, with all the freedom which inspires the doings of the state."—LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME

XLIV—2

*

The Greeks gave the world the noblest and sanest ideas yet attained by the mind of civilized man, but they brought about their own destruction because of their lack of political leadership and unity.

*

The only form of democracy which could win the approval of Thucydides was one which recognized the value of men of ability and provided them with opportunities for its exercise.

"This is what most of all destroys an oligarchy which has arisen out of a democracy. Every member of it from the beginning strives to be more powerful than his colleagues. Under a democracy when things go against a man's wishes he bears it more calmly because he is thwarted by men inferior to himself."

—Thucydides, VIII—89

The Athenians of the Age of Pericles "did not mean by democracy mere want of self-control, by freedom abuse of law, by equality before the law recklessness."

—ISOCRATES

Every kind of constitution is exposed by nature to some form of degeneration, and the danger of democracy is to decline into the animals' way of life, sheer brute force.—POLYBIUS VI, 10-4

Athenagoras, the Syracusan democrat, defends democracy on the ground that it alone found scope for the able, for the wealthy, and for the ordinary man.

—Thucydides, VI—39

(Both Aristotle and Thucydides were conservatives).

"I am a citizen of the world."—DIOGENES

"All men should be considered as our fellow citizens, there should be one way of life, one order like that of a single flock feeding on a common pasture."

—ZENO the Stoic

Stoics thought men should learn to live together helpfully—a world organization was their ideal

"The tyrant will chain—what?—A leg.—He will take away—what?—A head.—What is there, then, that he can neither chain nor take away?—Your will and choice."—Epictetus, DISCOURSES, I, xviii

"The Greeks invented politics."

—Professor Alfred E. Zimmern

They also created the science of government

Polybius says the Athenian demos was normally rather like a ship without a captain.—POLYBIUS VI-44

*

"Slave labor was a factor in the Athenian economy, but it was certainly not the basis of the Athenian way of life." Walter R. Agard,

The slaves were largely apprentices and artisans haled in from outside to assist, according to Prof. Alfred E. Zimmern, "together and almost on equal terms with their masters, in creating the material basis of a civilization in which they were hereafter to share."

The mine-slaves were the worst off, living almost as bad as the slaves of the Nazis, but domestic servants, artisans, business slaves were respected and protected. Those who were property of the state (war prisoners became slaves or were sold into slavery) received pay and could purchase their freedom.

ARISTOTLE refused economic and social rights to slaves. "That some should rule and others be ruled is both expedient and right; at birth some are marked for slavery, others for mastery."

*

Differences between American and Athenian democracy? American is a representative democracy, with the citizens electing executive and legislative representatives to manage the government.

The Athenian had no representative government, no president, cabinet, or supreme court. Their government was managed directly by the citizens in the assembly—just like the old townhall democracy of old New England

Koula Pratsika
Revives the Classic Dance in Greece

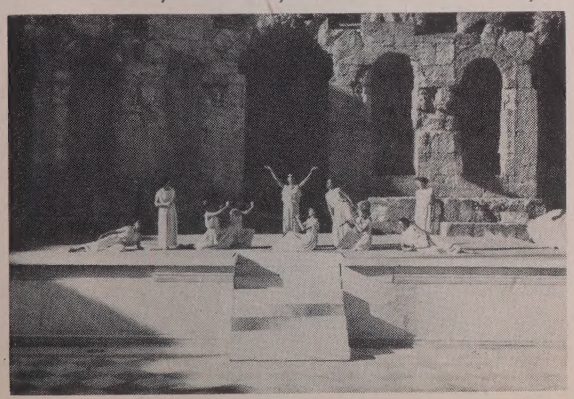
By MAVRETA IOAKIMIDES (Athene Correspondent in Greece)

One would expect the classic dance to develop more normally in Greece. Actually that seems to be the case today if one is to consider the progress made by just one school, that of Koula Pratsika which from a mere non-professional venture just a few years ago, it developed into a professional academy of the classic chorodrama. Perhaps it is the native ability of the Grecian temperament, and perhaps again it is the association of scenery, traditions, and environment which makes all the difference. Certainly the production of Chorodrama in the ancient theatre of Herodes Atticos, to mention one instance only, should kindle the enthusiasm and guide the nimble feet, and in an atmosphere which lends itself to dancing.

MAVRETA IOAKIMIDES

And so to learn something about these exotic ballets which the Pratsika School of Classical Dancing has been giving us these past seasons I decided to visit the fountainhead of the movement, Madame Koula Pratsika herself.

She is an internationally famous teacher and her school is located at 55 Homeros St. in Athens. Naturally Koula Pratsika is a sort of a pioneer too. She opened her school in 1930, having returned from a three years study in Vienna. Three years



FROM THE 1950 PRATSIKA SCHOOL PRODUCTION

of preparatory work laid the foundations of the present mature movement, and in 1934 the architect Georgios Kontoleon designed the school building on purely Greek aesthetic proportions.

The really professional school dates from 1937, when a license was obtained from the government for a four year attendance for a degree. Then came the occupation, and in spite of all the difficulties attendent because of war conditions the school kept going and was forced to suspend for only a few months. During the Albanian campaign most of the girl students became war nurses, served at the front and one was killed on Mt. Pindus at the front lines. Three of her former students have already opened their own dancing schools in Athens.

The public dancing exhibitions sponsored by the Pratsika School of dancing are frequent in Athens and most of these chorodramas have been produced in the ancient theatres, while others were presented at the mammoth Athens Stadium which seats over eighty thousand spectators. Pratsika School groups have also traveled abroad.

The routines and presentations are mostly in the ancient vein, but medieval and modern Greece are not neglected. In fact the latter two have been assiduously cultivated. The music for most of these chorodramas is being written by contemporary com-

SUMMER, 1950

posers, of whom Greece is lacking neither in numbers nor in ability.

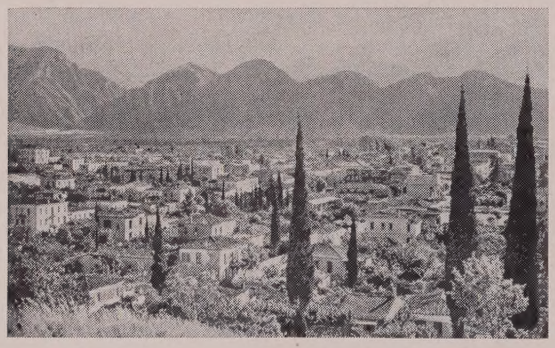
The development of the classic ballet in Greece during the last twenty years is according to Koula Pratsika, enormous. Love of the dance is a native characteristic of the Greek people, and it does not take long to get quality. The professional group of the school is among the best anywhere.

The 1950 production at the Herodes Atticos Theatre sponsored by the Pratsika School was a revelation. It was based on the classic tradition but the music was composed by Menelaos Pallantinos, and Miss Agape Evangelidou assisted in the choreography. Likewise the costumes were woven at the Kakia Eliades looms with the famous Greek silk.

When Europe gets tired of Ballet, says Madame Pratsika, it will return to Greek choreography with its newer aesthetic vitality.

Koula Pratsika hopes to send a group to America soon.

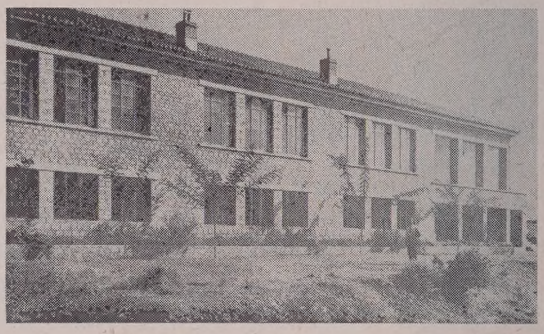
All Around Glimpses from Greece



SPARTA

THE ISLAND OF SYRA

THE FAMOUS CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN OF TENOS



THIS SCHOOL AT ISSARI, ARCADIA
WAS BUILT BY ISSARIANS IN AMERICA

NICK SIORIS, WELL KNOWN WOODSIDE, L. I. BUSINESS MAN
BUYING LEMONS IN ARCADIA

OUR NEW YORK COLUMNIST JOHN BELASCO,
VACATIONING AT ISSARI, HIS BIRTHPLACE

3 Poems by MARIAN DOTHWELL

MARIAN DOTHWELL

Miss Marian Dothwell, an English actress of great ability is currently staying in Greece, a country she loves passionately. Miss Dothwell is also a painter, a stage designer, a poet and a playwright. She is the author of several books. Her recent volume of poetry entitled "THE MASQUE OF EROS AND PSYCHE AND ARCHIDAMUS, OR THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE" printed in Athens, is noted for its exquisite beauty of line, the robust verse that flows evenly, the lofty ideals expressed in the dialogue. It is a play of elevating sentiments, lifting us up to the intellectual heights of Olympus whose denizens this remarkable book seeks to transubstantiate in the aura of a higher spiritual existence. Another play of hers is now in the hands of no less an actor than Lawrence Olivier who considers it so good that he will seek to produce it soon, with himself one of the players.

HELLAS

Hellas! How oft with Fancy's eyes
  Have I thy loveliness beheld?
And now, beneath my feet, there lies
  That soil for ever sacred held.

* * *

Oft-times, when in the mind we see
  Those things we have not gaz'd upon,
We build a dream of Faery,
  But waking the fair vision's gone.

* * *

But thou, O Hellas, dost outshine
  The image I had form'd of thee,
There is no beauty equals thine
  That hast outstrip'd all phantasy!

* * *

I dream'd of skies of sapphire hue,
  And waters dye'd with violet,
But thou art crown'd with deeper blue,
  And girt with richer purple yet.

* * *

Me thought my pensive spirit saw
  Thy marble temples ting'd with gold,
Vain thoughts! that idly strove to draw
  Those glories that I now behold!

* * *

Thy forests fringe Poseidon's deeps,
  Thy mountains the rare clouds have kiss't
While Helios decks their rocky steeps
  With ruby and with amethyst.

* * *

Tho' Kronos' hand hath stricken down
  The sculptured glories of thy prime,
No king doth wear a richer crown,
  For thou hast triumph'd over Time.

* * *

In silent and in solemn state,
  Thy fallen columns tranquil lie,
Like heroes beautiful and great,
  Beneath the ever smiling sky.

* * *

While yet erect, some others stand,
  Like sentinels in moveless woe,
That Desolation's ruthless hand
  Hath sought in vain to overthrow.

* * *

Relentless, in their lust for spoil,
  Succeeding ages pillag'd thee,
And the fierce infidel did toil
  Through hideous strife to stifle thee.

* * *

But, like th' Arabian Phoenix, thou
  From thine own ashes life hast t'ane
The tyrant's yoke is broken now,
  And Greed and Envy clutch in vain.

* * *

And slain by thy victorious hand
  A conquer'd Titan lies,
It is not thee, immortal land,
  But Thanatos that dies!

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EVIL

When the earth, in her mantle of fire,
  First sped on in her fast-spinning flight,
Through the spaces that were, and that are,
  Midst the fathomless shadows of night.

* * *

Then from out the abyss of the dark,
  First was grim-visag'd Terror newborn,
And Horror stood gory and stark,
  Like a thunder-cloud shrouding the morn.

* * *

And the Spirit of Evil took flight
  From its lair on the Stygian shore,
And lay like a kankerous blight
  On the face of the world evermore.

THE MOURNING ATHENA

(Dirge for a Greek Hero - 1943)

O, what pale shadow roams yon craggy steep
  On that bleak hillside, desolate and wan?
What mailéd form doth solemn vigil keep,
  And moveless stands tho' the bright day is gone?

* * *

With lance inverted and with bended brow,
  All curtain'd in the dank myst's ashen pall,
A lonely sentenal, she watcheth now,
  And mourns, while Nyx lets her sad banners fall.

* * *

Her burnisht hauberk and high-crested helm
  Glint with transparent radiance, whose fire
Proclaim them forged of no earthly realm,
  Nor born is she of any mortal sire.

* * *

For on her shield, a strange device is wrought,
  A once fair face, whose stony orbits stare
Transfixt with looks of horrid death, still caught
  In plaited noose of writhing serpent hair.

* * *

The dreaded aegis! Fam'd of ancient tale,
  Pallas Athene! She it is that stays
And silent midst the silver'd Attic vale
  Obsequious honour to a hero pays.

* * *

No wreath of laurel, or of oak, or bay
  Deckt with victorious shew his youthfull brow,
His fame his crown is that knows no decay,
  And his undying glory gilds it now.

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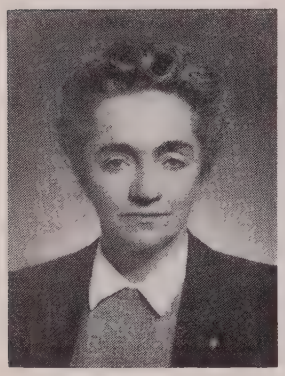
Three Poems

from "The Time of Death" by ZOE KARELLI



ZOE KARELLI

Zoe Karelli, the distinguished Greek poet was born in Salonica in 1901. The author of several volumes of verse Zoe Karelli (Mrs. Chrysoula Argyriades) is considered one of the vanguard writers in Hellas and her poetry has been translated in French, English, German and Italian. Her first collection bears the title of "Poreia" loosely translated "Marching On",, but some of her later works are: "The Age of Death" and "The Phantasy of Time" which appeared in 1948 and 1949 respectively. She is also one of the founders of the magazine "Kochlias". More of her work is to appear soon.

ICON

He was so beautiful, like a saint,
who died very young;
without the taste of bitterness
in him, that tries the ripe man,
sad knowledge of himself.

He was not violent,
did not seem hard;
he was so simple and quiet.
"I am the sacred death" he said,
the same and different
I am the only God
in life of man."

He did not look proud,
melancholic he was, almost
too beautiful, then, he was
the terrible death of man.

He stood so silent, sad and still,
then, from my mind he passed.

* * *

Good is the blessed sleep,
when it comes with dreams,
which faint little by little,
as we retire from life's music.
Good is the quiet sleep,
but we must not be told,
when we attain death,
that we will have the perfect sleep.
We must not learn, that from us
slips life's strongest will.

So let them sing us hymns,
tell us a lot of words.
So let us be confused,
so let us be deluded,
and not demand and seek
the bitter taste of life,
that with such pain we leave.

NIHILISM

When the dead awake in us,
we no more sleep
the sweetest sleep of life,
gift of the good hard labour.
When their shut eyes
open their terrible look in us,
alas it follows us
and we cannot calm
the body of our life.

Knowledge of the past, bitterness,
ruin of the wholeness of our world,
struggle hard in us
of what has been before
and what becomes of us.

Lesson the void of their sight;
the dead lie deep in us,
in vain demanding explanations.

THE PRODIGAL SON

My Father's house is in me,
and the remains of the cattle's food,
the rich banquet, the joy,
His and mine in me, twofold hymn,
hosanna in splendid spire,
brilliant cloud rejoining,

smoke of incense, acceptance.
I am the vase and the hand and the wine of life.
I am the spirit, the substance and immaterial
consummation.
I am the being, the destruction and the birth.
I am the temple containing the singer and the listener.
I include forgiveness the result of sin.
I expand in my name, like the infinite light.
I am the law, the law giver and the submissive to
the law.
The punishment and the punished.
I am the figure of God whom I figure,
in my endeavour of life.

—ZOE KARELLI

ON BEGINNING HOMER IN GREEK

As one sets out upon a journey, long
Desired but never hoped to be, and turns
His eyes about him questioning and learns
In truth his feet are bearing him along
With certain steps, yet holds his senses wrong
And half-believes some dream it is that burns
Almost to being—so my eye discerns
My Homer open, but I doubt the song.

For can it be that ever I may read
This magic lore, and see and really know
The great Achilles, touch him with my hand,
Or watch the swift-ensandaled Diomed?
May I indeed with Priam's people go
And sacrifice to her who guards the land?

—JOSEPH G. WALLESER

By PAUL NORD

CALIFORNIA SETTING

"Sempre negli occhi,
Sempre avró quella vista . . . "
—D'ANNUNZIO

Out of all his flowers, strewn o'er his setting,
Sun, California's God, took out a violet
To veil you with, you lily-white woman,
Who drifted right into my dazzled sight—a ray
Of beauty and of hope. Your smiling lips
Semi-closed or —open, pearl —pale teeth
Biting a shred of light . . . Your gait so light,
As though treading on lilacs. Your radiant arms
Graciously weaving a design of moves

So subtle, so enthralling, so endearing . . .
Before, I had seen you, eyes black, clothed in red,
A flaming red, enhancing the whiteness
Of silk-soft skin, a smooth inviting host
Of a swarm of caresses, timid, undreamt of,
While you strolled, of my admiring glance
Quite unawares, as I unwittingly
Was conscious of your presence, while at times,
I turned my head to follow your slim figure
Through alleys and through shadows and through perfumes
Of flowers and green leaves—a tiny pattern
Of gestures and of motions, slow, suave,
Indifferent and inattentive, pretty,
Stately and cute and elegant, immensely
Adorable and sly, while I
Together with the present, I was watching you
Floating on wings unseen—unknown, unnamed.

The Sun-God set, in purple majesty,
But you arose before me, Pheobe pallid,
A hail-white lily flesh inveigled
In lilac-violet hue . . .

EARFUL

(A Girl On a Veranda Overlooking the Pacific)

The Ocean saw and loved it. Old man Ocean,
He fell in love with it like a kid
And started showing off. He set in motion
His bulk immense, his huge force in a bid
To conquer you by charming you, alarming you
And by playing temperate disarming you.
Suavely tranquil, bursting into laughter
And now again savage. He didn't mean
To take you all. Oh, no . . . He was but after
That wonder shell, that tiny, sheer and keen
Marvellous coquillage which was your ear.
He used wisdom, subtlety and fear,
Wit, persuasion. Oh, he tried all
His whirs and whirls and swirls and gyrations,
He sent his waves and winds to blow and roll,
He tried tremors, jerks, shocks, trepidations,
Swaying, reeling, stumbling, jouncing, churning
And making of himself a fool, till when
Without heralding, or forwarning,
He paused and turned to music. It was then
That you did lend an ear to his spell.

With strains sweet of harps a myriad strong,
Of violins sharp and bassos deep and mellow,
He filled with lure and joy that lucid shell,
Rising from a moaning, sobbing cello
To the uproar of a symphonic blast,
He dazed your soul and conquered it at last.

But I wouldn't let him have you. I would bend
O'er that wondrous shell which is your ear
And I would whisper words without end,
Until I'd hit the One you want to hear,
The word that's Queen of all in human tongue,
That spells like magic, sounds like breeze and song,
That's hard like lion, or soft as dove,
The word that makes a woman melt with love.
Then I'd chase out of that twin gem-case
The ling'ring melodies of ocean echoes.
I would enchant your heart by getting at it
Past those twin rosebuds which adorn the entrance
To your innermost sanctum. Yet, at first,
I'd try to sing of those two peerless jewels
Of crystal radiant glow,
Those cameo-lucent ivory vessels filled
With stellar flush . . .

Your ear would hear the singing voice reciting
And fall, as petals fall, in love with it.
Your ears which rhyme the poem of your loveliness,
One on each side of your seraphic cheeks.

Lastly, I would let the ocean wail
Or vaunt, as he might choose o'er tiny shells
Which team the shore like buds of ears plucked
Off heads of cherubs snared by his fierce ronds.

And you I'd carry far, far away
From where the Ocean holds his full sway . . .

EVE'SDROPPING

Dear Adam was so sure that Eve
Had nothing up her 'sleeve'.
He trusted her explicitly
Under that apple-tree,
Where she sat with him alone,
From morn to eve, from eve to dawn.
And when at last that Eden bliss
Came to its end with but one kiss,
Poor Adam did discover,
That there had always been a snake
Working undercover!

—PAUL NORD

APRIL

I blame these trees with their tangled shelves of sadness,
for their way of lying with green, disarming
naivete; and the organ-grinders, though they know not
what they do; I blame girls for being bright and trusting;
young men for carrying pipes and looking confident.
I blame world for burning with spring's pagan
fever; for conspiring with her to return me to dreams
long undreamed, to make me stumble over
landmarks; I blame the justice that binds me to the green
gate; but most of all I blame
the fate that makes me look after you
who walk into April
hoping . . .

—constance elinore hatson

TO M_____

I weep for the dreams that succumbed to ignorance;
For the burnt dead and the black, lingering cities;
I weep for the scattered soldier when sands shift;
For the hardened and displaced and hungering;
For the little people who yet covet wealth,
And the big men, distraught with their own poverty;
I weep for the misplaced Christ and the robins that come, unnoticed;
For those who write books using only words;
For the makers of music who grow silent when the beer runs out;
For these and others, I weep — but more,
Most of all, for you
Who wander into April
Hoping . . .

—constance elinore hatson

FOR NATURE'S SYMPOSIUM

Swelling spheres of reflection
Tonight you will make my bed.
Departure and Return,
Expansion and Centrality
Is all I see today;
Both like relaxing tensions,
Tentative formations
Received in tender calmness.

Fertile raindrops caress my window.
Simple replenishment.
I am welcoming again
Eternal strangers
With puzzling smiles
With endless suggestions.

—JOHN PETER ANTONOPULOS

The Preference for the Blond Type in Ancient Greece and Rome

By Prof. C. G. BROUZAS
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In a paper which I read before the Academy at Bethany, a number of opinions were quoted which showed that some modern scholars believe that the Greeks admired blond people because they were themselves blond; while others believe that it was because the Greeks were themselves dark that they admired the blonds. I merely ventured the opinion that the principle that like attracts like should be adopted. Since then a further study of this problem has been made, and part of the results of the investigation are summarized below.

The Cretans, judging from their paintings, were a brunette people, with dark or brown hair and eyes and a brown skin. In all the Cretan monuments found so far, no representation of blond hair and blue eyes has been found. Richardson indeed maintains that the ivory statuettes from Knossus, discovered by Sir Arthur Evans and known as the Bull Leapers, are blond. Of the better preserved head, Richardson says that because the hair is made of copper wire and was probably gold plaited, it represents a blond person. He adds that "the youth was blond, like Achilles." He would put that statue not later than 1500 B. C. But Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator and publisher of these statues, does not classify them as blond. In fact he says that "the passion for color is such a universal characteristic of Minoan Art, that it is probable that the male figures at any rate were originally stained a ruddy hue." According to Richardson's reasoning, the ivory Snake Goddess of the Boston Museum would pass for a blond. Yet all the snake goddesses of faience discovered in Crete have dark hair and dark eyes.

Myres in his latest book on the Greeks discusses the evidence and considers a few other examples which he thinks are portraits of blond people. Among the works purported to portray blond type besides the ivory Bull Leaper, he mentions a Minoan silver bowl, but he does not describe it and does not refer to any illustrations. Consequently I am unable to know which it is that he means. To make matters worse, he refers to page 73 of his book, where he speaks of a Minoan silver cup. A silver bowl, the only one known to me with human figures, is described by Stais and is figured by Bossert. The former tells us that "the beard, the hair and the eyes, as well as the eyebrows, are indicated over the gold with incisions filled with a black matter" *(niello)*. Be that as it may. Myres argues that the light figure on it represents Odysseus, and has nothing to do with Crete. Without any good reason, Torr thinks that the people in Crete who painted the Cupbearer fresco may not have been of the same race as the Cupbearer.

Myres argues that there were people with fair or golden hair in the population of the later bronze age in Greece: i. e., during the interval between the Minoan and Hellenic times. For the Mycenean times, besides the "Silver Odysseus Bowl", he points to the yellow hair which appears on the fresco from Mycenae, and on one from Orchomenos; likewise to a white male in the fresco from Tiryns. His interpretation cannot be accepted *in toto* until I have examined the evidence. But concerning the fresco in Tiryns, the view that the person with the white skin is a man, was proposed first by Hall. But no one else agreed with this view and Hall himself modified it in a later work. Miss Richter and Miss Swindler take that person with the white skin to be a woman. At any rate, details of the hair are in black. The blondness of the Orchomenos figure is disputed by Rodenwaldt, who thinks that the paint may have been discolored.

During the Mycenaean period, then, we have practically no blond type portrayed either in Crete or in Greece. This is probably owing to the fact that the artists were themselves Minoans, at least in the early part, and also, as some scholars believe, to the fact that the mainland rulers in the Late Hellanic I period, at any rate, were Minoans. This, of course, is disputed by many, e. g. by Blegen, who holds that the Greeks began to come to the continent at 1900 B. C.; by Myres, who puts their coming about 2000 B. C.; and by Charbonneaux, who argues with Myres, and according to whom at the end of the 16th century there arrived a newer wave of Greeks, the Achaeans, whom he equates with the Mycenaeans. Karolides believes that the pre-Hellenic peoples of Greece, Crete, and Asia Minor were Pelasgians, whom he considers to have been Indo-Europeans, or Aryans, akin to the Greeks. Bury likewise is of the same opinion. Tsountas thinks that the Greek mainland was occupied doubtless by Greeks and Greek—perhaps partly Hellenized—tribes were ruling over the Mycenean acropolis" "about the second half of the third millenium." But it took many centuries to complete the conquest, which was accompanied gradually. He believes that in the early centuries of the second millenium the Greeks became masters of the Peloponnese. It is fairly well established now that about the 12th century B. C. the Dorians destroyed the Pre-Hellenic civilization in the continent and on the islands, and they, no doubt, ushered into Greece the blond element.

The important thing for us to remember here is the fact that the paintings of the time show pretty uniformly dark hair and dark eyes.

Homer describes the Achaeans as having quick-moving eyes, long hair, and white skin. He

does not commit himself as to the color of any group, content to call the Ithacan maids in the palace of Odysseus and the Phaeacian maids in the palace of Alcinous simply white-armed. He calls Sparta the land of fair women and makes Achilles, Agamede, Meleager, Menelaus, and Rhadamanthys blond; Odysseus, partly blond. By implication Ajax, Arete, Briseis, Euphorbus, Helen, Hermoione, Nausicaa, Nireus, and Penelope were probably blond, and Agamemnon possibly so. Of the brunettes Homer mentions Eurybates, and Odysseus (partly); probably Clymene, Philomedousa, Melantho, and almost certainly Thersites. Judging from the many references that Homer makes to the white-armed epithet, unless it is merely an *epitheton ornans* (as we find it used in later Greek literature and in that of other peoples), and from his penchant for blond hair in his favorite heroes, we may say that he preferred the blonds. We do not know what he himself was. But he either was thinking of the people long before him when he described the Homeric heroes as blond, or, which is more probable, he had in mind the people of his own time, who may have been predominantly blond, at least among the nobility.

Individuals of the heroic age after Homer are described by various Greek writers; by the *Homeric Hymns,* in which we read that the daughters of Celeos had hair like that of crocus, probably of blond, possibly of brunette color. Hesiod describes Menelaus, Iolea, and Meleager as blond, and speaks of rosy-armed Eunice and Hipponoe. He gives Alcmena black brows and eyes and also Mimas, a centaur who is spoken of as black-haired. The Greeks of Argos, at the time of the Expedition Against Thebes, were blonds, according to Pindar, who may himself have been blond, since he was a Dorian of nobility. The women of Argos, according to Callimachus and Statius and the Argonauts, according to Apollonius Rhodius, were blond. This last is significant, since we know that the Argonauts came from all over Greece. This tradition of blondness among the heroic peoples of Greece passed into the later Greek tradition, and we find many writers, Roman and Greek, describe these heroes as uniformly and indiscriminatingly blond until we reach the Byzantine times, when we find some of them described as brunettes.

When we come to the historical Greeks we find Polemo describing the people of Argos as blonds with white and rosy cheeks, soft and reddish hair, and gladsome, quick-moving eyes which had plenty of light. Theognes describes the people of Argos of his time as blond, but it is apparently only the nobility to whom he addresses himself. Bacchylides calls the Laconian women blond, possibly meaning only the Spartan women. The scholia to Homer, and also Eustathius, tell us that the Spartans admired blondness as being a characteristic of brave persons, quite the opposite of the Athenian idea as expressed by Plato, mentioned below. That there were beautiful women in Sparta even in the fourth century A. D., we learn from Claudian, who tells us that the wife of Alaric, who was herself a blond, had Laconian women as her maids of honor. Philostratus the Elder speaks of the smoothness and whiteness of the Laconians, and Athenaeus vouches for the beauty of the Spartan women.

The Athenians are said by Theophrastus to have had black beard and, consequently, probably black hair and eyes. But the reference is indefinite and may not be characteristic of the whole group. This statement, however, acquires some support from Plato, who tells us that the Athenian sculptors used dark pigment for the eyes. Among the Acropolis statues both black and also dark red eyes as well as dark and reddish hair are found. In another connection Plato assumes that there were, at least in Athens, a number of varieties of people, with snub, aquiline, and regular nose. The dark were considered manly, in opposition to the idea of the Spartans mentioned above; the white, children of the gods, and the sallow as honey pale, palliating their darkness with a sweet name, as Lucretius later on tell us that the Romans did, at least the lovers. We have the statement of the anonymous life of Plato, and also that by Olympidorus, that Plato studied with the painters and learned about the mixture of colors, and he probably could distinguish better than the ordinary writers the differences in the complexion of people. Menander deplores the fact that some of the Athenian women blondined their hair and regards it as an indication of unchastity (as does Juvenal later), indicating thereby that the Athenian women had rather dark hair. But it doubtless shows that blondness was common enough in Athens as to occasion no surprise at blondining.

The Coan women are described by Antonius Liberalis as having black eyes, and we learn from the same source that they hated Athena because she had grey eyes.

Adamantius, in the fourth century of our era, on the authority of Polemo (?), considers the Ionians to have been pure Greeks with hair inclined to blond, rather soft, and gently curling.

From Hippocrates we learn that in Thasos there were people with whitish skin, straight and dark hair, and dark eyes. He mentions both blonds and brunettes among the Greeks. Those that dwelled on the hollow places were darker; those on high, unfertile, waterless places, were more inclined to blondness. From Aristotle we learn that the fishermen and murex gatherers were blond, a phenomenon which he explain as owing to the effects of sun and sea; and from Philostratus we learn that the fisherman of the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic side, were blond. These last two statements, if correct, show us that there were blond people among the lower classes and that blondness was not confined to the nobility.

Sophocles speaks of the Theban women as worthy of being mothers of the gods. Whether he considers them blond, we do not know. Judging from Plato's remark that the white people are considered children of the gods, we might think that Sophocles took them for blond. In the description of Greece, formerly ascribed to Dicaearchus, but now by some ascribed to Heracleides the Critic, the Theban women are said to have been tall and beautiful, the best-looking in all Hellas. Their hair was blond. This statement would receive countenance from the Tanagra Terracotta figurines which as a rule have auburn hair. Miss Hutton cites this passage of Heracleides, referred to above, to illustrate the statuettes and is of the

opinion that on the whole of this passage of Dicaerchus (Heracleides), the statuettes form a most interesting commentary. On the other hand, Miss Moore thinks that the auburn hair portrayed on the figurines was simply the result of dyeing. However it be about the Theban women, Sophocles in the Antigone makes the chorus of the Theban elders remark that their own hair has changed from black to white. Whether Sophocles thought that the Thebans were all dark may be doubted. It may be that he used dark in contrast to white, which is the result of eld. It may be, however, that since the chorus was actually composed of Athenians, Sophocles had in mind these in describing the Thebans. At any rate, the evidence must not be pressed to include all the Thebans, not even all the Theban elders, in the chorus. Apuleius represents Lucius of Thebes as blond, and the daughter of Pelopidas was blond. We find a nameless woman from Chaeronea, daughter of one Euxenidas, who was blond, according to an inscription. That there was a blond element among the Thebans can hardly be doubted.

Coming now to the individuals, besides the ones given above, we find in the 7th century two persons described as blond by Alcman, the Spartan Hegesichora, and Megalostrata of Lesbos. Sappho says of herself that she is dark, and Alcaeus' *ioplokos* is taken by many to mean dark hair. Ovid speaks of her as being dark, and a papyrus fragment likewise describes her as dark. Alcaeus speaks of his beard as being black, but the evidence is not conclusive, since we do not know whether it actually refers to himself. He had a boy, Lycus, who, according to Horace, had black hair and eyes. This, at any rate, gives us a clue to his preference. Anacreon, like Sappho, speaks of himself as having black hair.

In the sixth century we have possibly a blond in Sappho's daughter, who is likened by her mother to a golden flower, a description which might not refer to the color of her hair. Another of Sappho's pupils is spoken of as being more harmonius than harp, more golden than gold, but whether it can be taken to mean blond is doubtful. Solon describes Critias, the Athenian, as having red hair.

For the fifth century we have Aglaos, the Athenian winner of foot races, if that is actually his name, described by Bacchylides as having blond hair. Aspasia, the concubine of the Younger Cyrus, is said by Aelan to have been blond. Agathon, the tragic poet, according to Aristophanes, had a white skin, and according to Lucian, thin curly hair like hyacinth, possibly blond, possibly dark. Aristophanes indeed mentions another Agathon, who had dark skin and strong physique. But the identification is impossible and there are some who think that it was the same one mentioned above. Cephisophon is described by Aristophanes as swarthy; so is Chaerephon, the impetuous friend of Socrates. Charis is described by the scholia to Aristophanes as having dark complexion. Dardanis, the flute girl, according to Aristophanes, had dark hair; but she was possibly not Greek at all, or, at best, half-Greek. Leotrophides, the Athenian dithyrambic poet, had olive skin. Lysicrates had black hair and dark skin and was snub nosed and ugly. He tried to make his hair look darker by dyeing it and is satirized by the comic poets. According to Suidas, however, he dyed his hair black only when it became grey. Myronides, an Athenian of noble birth, is spoken of by Aristophanes as possessing a manly figure, dark and bushy hair. By implication Phormio, an Athenian general, was brunette. To these we may add possibly Socrates as a brunette, though it is not beyond a reasonable doubt.

This about concludes the direct evidence which we have at hand in regard to the Greek people at the end of the 5th century B. C. The question is: When a person is described as blond or brunette, unless we know him to be a historical personage, what are we going to think of it? Is he described so, even if he be a historical person, because he is a rarity, or because it is the usual thing to be so? Or is he described according to his worth with no particular thought as to the importance of his color?

Applying the results we have reached above in regard to the historical persons as groups, we find that the different individuals mentioned above fit the groups to which they belong fairly well: e. g., Dorians more or less blond; Lesbians and Aeolians more or less mixed; Athenians more or less dark.

We may derive some help from the people described in Greek fiction. We have some anonymous persons, of whom five are blond and one brunette, the four blonds coming from the *Palatine Anthology* and the brunette from the *Anacreontea.* Of fictional persons proper with names we have approximately 52 described as blonds and 15 as brunettes. Of the entire ideal types we have 57 blonds and 16 brunettes, or a little more than one-fourth of the entire number of blonds. Of the historical persons we have 40 individuals described as blonds and 30 as brunettes, omitting any dubious cases. This is a far cry of the statement published by Philipp making of the historical Greek persons 96 blonds and only 16 brunettes. As we proceed to more recent date, the brunettes increase. In the papyri the word *xanthos* is never met, although *pyrrhos* is met and also *leukos.*

I have no time to discuss the Romans fully, and moreover, I have not worked out the details completely yet. Professor Ogle has cited many Latin references in his article "The White Hand as a Literary Conceit", which shows an overwhelming majority of blond or auburn hair, and he concludes that the persons so described were meant to be taken for blond. But Propertius' Cynthia, although she was given rosy cheeks and white arms and auburn hair, had black eyes, and the word "white" may be merely a literary conceit and an *epitheton ornans.* In fact the word "white" is used of so many brunettes all over the world, both civilized and barbaric, that no particular significance can be attached to it, as we shall see from the evidence I present below. Moreover, the eyes of Cynthia are praised in the first line of the first poem, and there is no doubt that Propertius admired them; but whether it was for their darkness or for something else, only he could tell. Catullus, it would seem, preferred black eyes, a

(Continued on Page 50)

Character Profiles

By NICHOLAS ANDROMEDAS

The sculptor was a dynamic personality. He was a short, stocky man. His face looked as if it were carved from granite. Heightening this impression was his greying hair which gave the appearance of a mass of steel wool with some soap flakes embedded on it. His fiery eyes were always bearing down at the object or person before them.

In this particular instance his concentration was on a small group of his compatriots who came to examine his works. He was annoyed with himself for allowing them to come to his studio. They were a measly lot of small shopkeepers. What did they know about art!

Did he say art?

His visitors bypassed all his beautiful statues with an indifferent shrug of their shoulders and focused their attention on a plaster cast of a beautiful fish. Their discussion grew animated. Here was something they could understand. The fish was a fine specimen. One of the visitors was a restaurateur and he knew all about fish.

The sculptor's eyes opened wide in consternation. Of all the crust! Not that he didn't admire the fish. On the contrary he caught it himself. Fell in love with its beauty and made a plaster cast of it instead of having it stuffed.

Suddenly, the feeling of anger at his compatriots for bypassing his works of art began to fade. His eyes twinkled at some deviltry that crossed his mind. He joined their circle and spoke in a casual tone.

"I see you gentlemen admire my fish."

"It's a beauty," responded the restaurateur.

"I bet you never had the likes of it in your steam table," said the sculptor as the Idea in his mind took shape.

"I can't honestly say that I ever had," he replied.

Sheepishly the restaurateur asked if it was for sale, but the sculptor said, "No."

"Too bad, for I was seriously interested in displaying it at my store. It would help to sell fish."

The cynical smile on the sculptor's face grew wide. "I'll tell you what we can do," he said. "You can have the fish."

"Do you really mean it?" cut in the excited visitor.

"Why yes," said the sculptor. "But under one condition. Whenever I eat at your restaurant, you will not charge me for the coffee."

The restaurateur was delighted beyond words. What's a cup of coffee worth when he would have the privilege of displaying this fine specimen of a fish in his establishment?

The bargain was sealed with a handshake and the visitors departed with the fish.

But the sculptor stood by the window for a long time, smiling to himself. He wondered how long the bargain would be kept. For unfortunately his compatriot did not know he practically lived on coffee.

Two weeks after the bargain was sealed, the restaurateur began to have doubts about the bargain. He could not escape the feeling that the artist somehow outwitted him. For it seemed that this "crazy man" lived on coffee. He had his doubts if he ever worked. The mutual "hello" with which they greeted each other soon grew into a frigid nod.

About the fourth week, the restaurateur was convinced that it couldn't go on much longer. He must terminate it, for on computing the numerous nickels he would receive for the coffee drank by the artist, the price of the fish came high. After all, he said to himself, the darn thing is only plaster Paris.

The crisis was reached one evening when the artist came to dine with a friend and the waiter proceeded to charge him for the coffee.

"Young man," he called out in his dynamic voice, "you know very well I am not to be charged for the coffee."

"Sorry," said the waiter. "Orders."

"Do you mean to tell me that your boss is welching on the bargain?"

"My orders are to charge you for the coffee."

"And I refuse to pay. I made a bargain with that greedy merchant and I'll hold him to it."

The sculptor's wrath was growing by leaps and bounds. The poor waiter tried to withdraw, but he could not do so. The sculptor was blocking his way out. It was evident he was out for blood.

"Take the nickel off the check!"

"Sorry, I can't do it!"

"You serf of petty capitalism, when you talk to an artist. you do so with respect. Off!"

"I can't do it!"

"What do you mean you can't do it!"

The upheaval had the rest of the diners on the alert. Some giggled in amusement, others laughed aloud. To top it all, someone cried, "Call the cops!"

Without being fazed the least, the sculptor turned his attention to the diners. He explained to them his bargain with the proprietor of the restaurant.

"But since he is too much of a coward to call his own spade and since a bargain is a bargain, I'll terminate it myself!"

He crossed over to the section where the fish was hanging. It stood above a table where a frightened old couple were eating, of all things, fish. He climbed the table, to their consternation, and took the fish down.

He paused in the center of the dining room and cried out to the waiter, "Tell that snivelling merchant a bargain is a bargain. If I can't have his coffee, he can't have my fish!"

In a sudden thrust, he threw the fish on the floor with such violence that it broke into pieces. He then walked out with his friend.

"Don't you think you acted unwisely," said his friend. "You could have taken the fish back to the studio."

"Never," cried out the sculptor.

"But why?"

"Because it lost its meaning as art. I ued it as chattel. It would smell of the steam table. Besides, I had to make a dignified exit!"

"I don't understand," said his friend.

"Just between us," replied the sculptor, "I didn't have the extra nickel to pay for that rotten coffee! And without sugar too!"

Electricity
TO SPELL NEW LIFE FOR GREECE

By STEPHEN G. XYDIS

The Greek electrification program and its several phases. . . Lighting for rural homes, power for industry and irrigation, and their probable effects on living standards, education and population distribution.

A peaceful revolution is on in Greece. The electrification program begins there this year. Hydroelectric works will rise and harness many rebellious rivers. Lean waters will become fruitful lakes; man-made waterfalls will make turbines turn and whir and sing. Heat, light and energy will speed along high-tension wires, and from pylon to pylon they will shoot over mountains and gorges in a network zig-zagging like lightning across Greece.

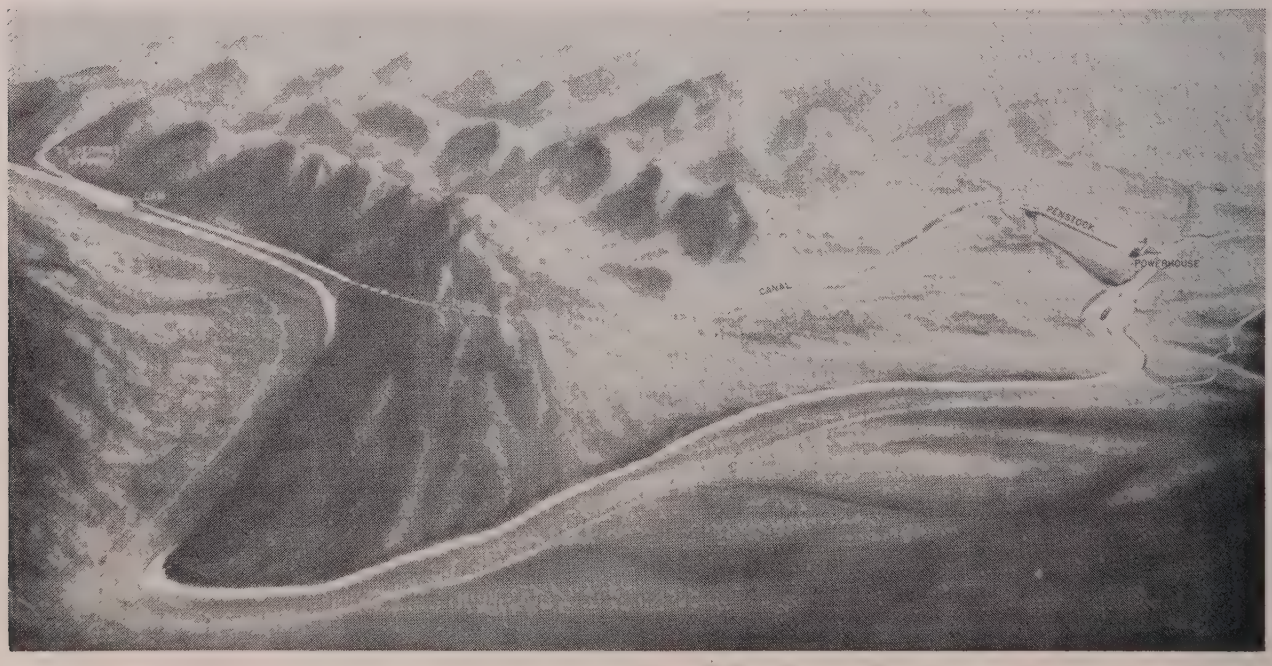
The Greek peasant and his wife will now have a great, new helping hand for their farm chores. Their child in his classroom will gaze at film-strips and educational films; he will hear the radio and learn more easily. On the village square the **cafeneion** will now have a rival in the movies and television may appear later. Factories will mushroom far from the congested towns, but they will not mar with soot or smoke the majestic landscape of Hellas. Electricity will do the work and give jobs to thousands in a land of many people, of thin earth and scarce timber, a land without coal or oil.

For Greece 1950 should mark the beginning of a new era. After the foreign-fed rebellion, a firm foundation will be set at last for rebuilding the war-torn land, thanks to ECA.

The Greek electrification program will bring into the realm of reality the dream of many Greeks: Tapping their land's hydro-electric resources, estimated at about 5 billion kilowat hours a year, or about equal to the yearly output of Boulder Dam, and utilizing local lignite ore. Estimates on lignite reserves range as low as 500 million tons and as high as 7,200 million tons.

The first stage is in adaptation to present financial possibilities of the program prepared by an American corporation, EBASCO Services, at ECA's request, and long-range planning under Constantine Doxiades, a brilliant, young architect coordinating reconstruction in Greece. It provides for the construction of three hydroelectric plants considered as favorable for the country's development by the Food and Agriculture Organization of the U. N. in its 1947 report on Greece. The first stage includes, too, the building of a thermo-electric plant utilizing lignite. This mixed system for electricity production is necessary because in Greece seasonal variations require the erection of plants generating electricity from sources other than waterpower.

The hydroelectric plants on the Vodas River in northern Greece, the Louros River in northwestern Greece and the Ladhon River in the Peloponnese, with



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF KREMASTA HYDROELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT TO BE BUILT ON THE ACHELOOS RIVER IN CENTRAL GREECE

PLAN OF THE POWER DEVELOPMENT ON THE LOUROS RIVER IN NORTHWESTERN GREECE

a combined capacity of 95,000 kilowatts, will generate annually 381 million kilowatt hours. Added to the lignite-burning plant at Chalcis, northeast of Athens, with a capacity of 68,000 kilowatts and a yearly output of 573 million kilowatt hours, these new power plants will give Greece a total of 954 million kilowatt hours annually, twice the amount of kilowatt hours produced in 1949!

These four projects and the network for transmission and distribution of their power will cost $79 million. Of this sum 55 per cent will be covered by Marshall Plan allocations, including Greek currency from the counterpart fund provided for in ECA agreements; 24 per cent by Italian reparations to Greece in accordance with a financial treaty between Greece and Italy; and 21 per cent by Greek consumers. The workings of the European Reconstruction Program are seldom as well illustrated as here when American aid, national self-help and inter-European cooperation march hand in hand for reconstruction.

The first stage of Greek electrification is expected to end by 1953. By that date Greek consumers will have 116 kilowatt hours of electricity per capita and, by 1960, 170 kilowatt hours, almost three times the 1949 amount of 62 kilowatt hours yearly per head. Compared with the United States figure of 1,900 kilowatt hours per annum, the Greek amount appears small, but the first stage of the Greek electrification program does not exhaust the land's full potential. A second stage is expected to begin with a large power plant on the Acheloos River in central Greece (capacity 180,000 kilowatts). Moreover, if the EBASCO plan is fully followed and an additional $135 million can be obtained, the power network will be extended to a grand total of 6,710 miles of circuits for transmission and primary and secondary distribution; a thermoelectric plant near Athens, now functioning with liquid fuel, will be converted to lignite; a barging system for lignite transportation will be organized; and necessary additional buildings will be constructed. Greek Government plans envisage ultimately the construction of seven other hydroelectric projects of a total capacity of 810,000 kilowatts.

What will be the results of this bold program for this ancient land? Let us first take agriculture, the occupation of about 60 per cent of the population. Numerous village homes to which evening means darkness or the tremulous light of the candle or paraffin lamp will enjoy electric light for the first time. Electric power will become available to villagers for pumping water from wells, for irrigation, olive-oil presses and refining, flour-mills, community bakeries, ginning cotton and for village industries generally. Agricultural income by 1970 will rise 45 per cent, according to reliable estimates, thanks to new electric power. Higher living standards in Greece, which does not produce enough wheat for its subsistence, nor enough cotton or wool, and no sugar, are a matter of survival.

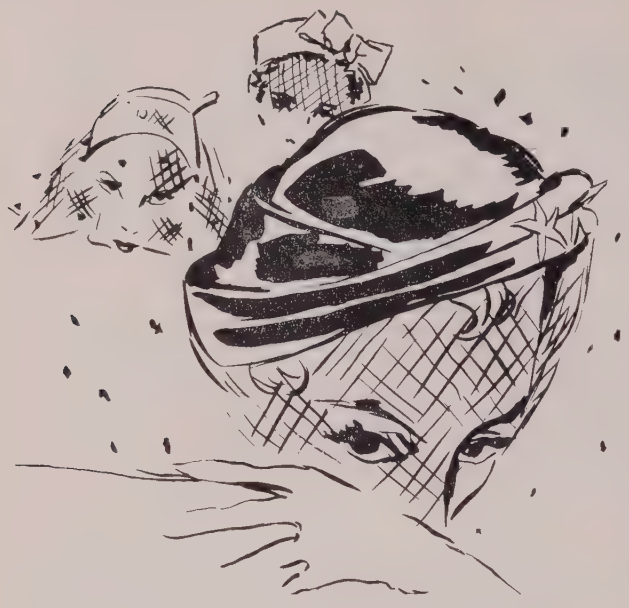
Greek industry, too, producing mainly textiles and chemicals, will be able to expand. New factories will be created for food processing, for producing metallurgical and chemical goods with Greek ores, pyrite, chromite, magnesite, beauxite, lead or manganese. Nitrogen fertilizer production will be possible with a sufficiently large output of electric power and low enough costs. Thus, industrial progress will promote intensified farming. An increase of 20 per cent is estimated for Greek industry with the new power plants, and Greek labor productivity is expected to rise by 50 per cent. And 40 per cent more jobs will be provided for Greece's 336 inhabitants per cultivatable square mile.

As for the country's balance of trade, it will benefit by foreign exchange savings estimated at $80 million, owing to domestic production of goods formerly imported, by increased exports and by the discontinuation of imports of large amounts of solid and liquid fuels. Considering that imports exceeded exports by $349 million during 1949, the importance of such a saving in foreign exchange is obvious.

More electric power will also mean the possibility of establishing factories away from densely populated Athens, Piraeus and Salonika. The differences between city and countryside will lessen, the growth of cooperative enterprises will be stimulated and the use of audio-visual methods for teaching will improve educational levels.

By raising the Greek people's living standards, electricity will endow with new vigor a land situated at one of the most strategic points of the globe.

THINK



The Fashion Editor Visits Greece

By ELENI SAKES

(Eleni Sakes is the fashion editor of the nationally known and influential Evening Star-Sunday Star newspapers, Washington, D. C. A noted authority on styles she recently visited Europe. While in Greece she prepared a series of articles dealing with fashions, contemporary as well as historical, which were printed in the Evening Star under the title "Eleni in Europe". The articles are so well written, in fact they are the best we have seen on the subject, that we have asked permission from the Washinfton Evening Star to reprint them).

One of the best fashion stories in Greece today is the wearing by Greek women of many items formerly thought too "peasanty" for inclusion in a wardrobe.

This is largely the result of the efforts of Muriel King who through her 2½ years of invaluable work with ECA in Athens, has seen to it that the world's leading fashion people have had a chance to acquaint themselves with the exquisite handiwork of Greece.

And by remote control this stimulation has resulted in a great interest being evidenced by Greek women of things Greek.

Today one spots many colorful skirts of homespun fabrics with sparkling borders being worn for formal and playtime wear. Greek embroidered silk blouses formerly lapped up only by tourists and the wives of foreigners stationed in Greece are now finding their way into many a Greek woman's wardrobe.

Long scarfs of "coucoulariko," the silk waste fabric in bright colors, are used a great deal now to garnish coats. And speaking of scarfs—one of the strangest sights to be seen in the world on the hots streets of Athens. Women walk in the bright sunlight with sheer silk scarfs tied in front of their faces in a manner slightly reminiscent of the way ladies first looked when the automobile made its debut.

These, however, are sidelights of a fashion picture and not the highlights which include Muriel King's wonderful work in preparing the Cavalcade of Greek Fashions that toured the United States last April. The main purpose behind the cavalcade was to acquaint American fashion stores, editors, dress designers and manufacturers with the inspirational and fabric wealth to be found in Greece.

The strange result of this cavalcade was that it not only convinced America of the value of the handicraft picture in Greece, but was responsible for Greece's recognizing a great deal of its own native talent.

Native art flourishes in Greece today as it has for many centuries. But the re-awakening on the part of the Greeks to the appreciation of their handcrafts has been very heartwarming.

Things they do exceptionally well in Greece besides producing fine textiles, include beautiful jewelry work, silverware, table cloths, handwoven towels, upholstery fabrcs, children's clothes, pottery, copper and woodcarving that is extremely handsome.

ECA's function in Greece has been, amongst many other things, to teach workers what is exportable, newer and easier ways to work, and to attempt to help them get units established as selling outlets.

Miss King has been greatly responsible in working out patterns and techniques in the textile field. One of the more important things achieved was the widening of many looms so as to allow for the weaving of wider widths of fabric.

She feels strongly about ECA's projects in Greece, because they can mean supplementary incomes for people living in many villages, and can help inject a new note to a world market saturated at the present time with things that look too much alike. The excellent peasant craft of Greece, she feels, can help alleviate some of this.

As part of her work, Mis King has visited a great many of the Greek Islands, Konitza, Yiannina, Patrias, Attica, Salamis and Larissa.

Formerly one of New York and Hollywood's most noted designers, Miss King who originally went to Greece in May of 1948 for six weeks and who has stayed 2½ years, is well qualified to help the Greek people find out what it is that America, in particular, wants in the way of exports.

She has lectured, designed clothes for war workers, had her own custom salon, and helped organize the department of Fine and Applied Fashion at Stephens College.

Greek silk is among the finest ih tne world. First of all the climate has a lot to do with the

breeding of the silk worm, and second, the people who rear the cocoons have been doing so since the time of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian who, appalled at high prices of Chinese silks, had his monks secret precious cocoons in their staffs and thus introduce silk to Europe.

In fact, Greece was the first European country to possess it. So skilled were the Greeks in silk production that in 700 A. C. Roderick, the King of Sicily, conducted a war in which the silk weavers of Thebes were abducted and taken there to produce silk.

Greek slik is strong, lustrous, soft, crease resistant, and has great elasticity. It is 100 per cent pure animal silk largely because production in Greece does not merit investments in machinery and new techniques.

Prior to the introduction of the "flying shuttle" all home industry was hand-woven and hand-spun. A great deal of this still exists. The loom used in weaving is the same all over the world, and the movements employed are identical whether in the primitive loom or the Crompton automatic loom used in the mills. And as it was explained to us, no fundamental changes have been made in looms from the time of the ancients.

In a city crammed with wondrous art treasures and antiquities you would think that nothing could possibly impress you further along similar lines. No visit to Athens, however, would be complete without seeing the Benaki Museum which is a "jewel box" amongst museums.

Aside from housing priceless objects that have originated in Greece, and others from various parts of the world that have influenced the Hellenic people, the most interesting collection is the one of Greek national costumes that is the most complete and finest in the world. (The most interesting, that is, to a fashion editor.)

Many fashion designers periodically visit the Benaki Museum and avail themselves of the infinite inspirational material that is located there. They come from all over the world and the guest book records a number of names that have made fashion history. A recent visitor was Carolyn Schnurer whose visit to the museum and various areas in Greece resulted in an entire Greek collection being designed for American consumption.

One is aware that great love has gone into the planning of this 20-year-old museum which is the pride of Greece and of a collector of great note, Antony Benaki.

It was a rare privilege to be escorted through the museum by the white-haired and mustachioed gentleman, who, with a great gift of humor, related many anecdotes connected with many of the exhibits. These, incidentally, are grouped in a warm and interesting manner. The coldness and drabness of other museums are absent here.

Mr. Benaki himself has carefully selected and supervised the library which complements the museum and which consists of over 6,000 volumes in all languages, which may be used for reference.

In the museum are exhibits featuring pottery, ecclesiastic relics saved from Asia Minor by the refugees when populations were exchanged with Turkey; historical relics of the Greek War of Independence, and complete collections, such as one of Chinese pottery and porcelain donated by George Eumorfopoulos of London. All are fascinating, but the costumes and the jewelry thrilled us most.

The costumes are from every area in Greece. Each one is different in design, color and embroidery techniques. Those women fortunate enough to see the "Greek Cavalcade of Greek Fashions" that toured the United States saw a great many of these very same costumes that had been loaned for the first time in the history of the museum.

Mr. Benaki told us that many of these costumes were brought in by leading Greek families who owned them, by peasants, and many were purchased directly. One villiage bridal costume was brought in by a mother whose daughter had died before her wedding.

In the villages two costumes were worn. One the daily outfit and the other the bridal. This bridal costume used to be handed down from mother to daughter. And when a woman had a number of daughters the outfit was divided and each daughter undertook to complete it.

In Attica the women wore their dowry on themselves on feast days. So that the models in the museum are heavily laden with coin bracelets, necklaces and waist belts. Prospective grooms of that area certainly had a good idea of what a girl was worth—financially!

In Roumliki the reason behind the feminine headpiece that looks like a warrior's helmet but that is adorned with four black silk scarfs, jewelry and a flower, is very interesting. Seems that in the time of Alexander the men of the district were called for military duty. They did not respond but their women did. They conducted themselves so admirably that Alexander decreed that the women of the district henceforth would be the only ones who could wear the helmet.

Cretan women's costumes were not complete unless they included a dagger. The idea was that they were so beautiful they might be abducted. Every fiance gave his fiancee one with which to protect herself. Mr. Benaki gaily commented that perhaps it wouldn't have been a bad idea if Tassoula, the 20th century Cretan lass who recently made headlines, had had one in her possession. These daggers were of silver and ivory and a case fitting smoothly over them.

Two official court dresses act as indicators of two Greek Queens' tastes. During the period of 1837 to 1862 Queen Amalia set the style for the elegant and urban type of dress worn by the bourgois in the Pelepopnnesus. Queen Olga later had as the official court dress a more peasant type of costume from Attica, but made up in the richest of fabrics and embroideries.

We quote from the guide of the Benaki Museum regarding the ancient jewelry on display there: "In order to fully appreciate ancient jewelry one must notice its technique. Decoration was usually with minute balls of gold or bent wire soldered in patterns on the surface of the jewel. Color was supplied with glass, enamel or stone."

We could go on indefinitely—but we hope you'll treat yourself to a trip to Athens soon to visit the museum yourself.

Dynamic Symmetry Basis of Rabun Gap Famous Jay Hambidge Art Foundation

(One of the most remarkable institutions in modern America is to be found at Betty's Creek Road, Rabun Gap, Georgia. There the JayHambidge Art Foundation, founded by the late Jay Hambidge on the Greek laws of dynamic symmetry, and presided over by his wife, May C. Hambidge, have established and are developing a new society, based on a new conception of Agriculture and the Handicrafts. What this inspired group is doing for America is manifest by the Voice of America broadcast to Greece, material recently suggested by Mrs. Jay Hambidge, president of the Foundation. The question asked of Mrs. Hambidge: "If I derived the inspiration for my work from Greece"—The answer follows):

Dear Mr. Zikakis:

Yes, it is true that I derived my inspiration for the fabrics you saw at Rabun Studios from Greece. But I should put it more broadly and say that it was also derived from Greek principles, which are based on natural law. There is also something inspiring in Greece herself, her people and her great natural beauty. All this seemed to strike a responsive chord in me. It is a strange and remarkable experience; therefore, I shall relate it in some detail, from which you may choose the essentials for your broadcast. But I must explain that the Shop in New York is our outlet and is a means of keeping us in touch with the outside world. This **is** not and was not started merely as a "business" but as an ideal, a way of life, which I

CO-WORKERS PUTTING OUT WOOL TO DRY

believe to be the best for the happiness of the People. The important part of the work is going on right here in this isolated little Valley.

To make all this clearer to you, I shall have to go back to the reasons for my being in Greece at all.

When my husband, the late Jay Hambidge, made the sensational discovery that the principle of proportion in plant growth, called by the Botanists the Law of Phyllotaxis, had actually been used by the Classic Greeks in their art forms, the Yale University Press published his first book, "The Greek Vase." In this he gave examples of Greek vases and diagrams of the root rectangles, showing that the two corresponded and were derived from this natural law of proportion in growth. These he had worked out and developed into a system to be of practical use to the artist, and given the name "Dynamic Symmetry." Later he found that, according to Plato, the Greeks had used the root rectangles and he had actually hit upon the very name they had given to the system, "dunamei symmetros," meaning geometrically, "commensurable in square." After he had measured and analyzed many Greek vases available in American Museums, he naturally turned to the Parthenon. The facts he gathered from measurements made by others on the Parthenon, notably Penrose, all pointed to the use of this same

SOME OF THE SHEEP ON THE FOUNDATION

law. But Mr. Hambidge was only satisfied with first hand knowledge and so the Yale University Press sent him to Greece to check his information by measuring the Parthenon himself. These measurements tallied perfectly with the dynamic symmetry rectangles. The English, who had first become interested in his theory, considered his latest discovery so important that, on the completion of his work in Athens, they invited him to present the results of his investigation before a joint meeting of the Hellenic Society and the Royal Institute of British Architects.

It was while my husband was deeply engaged in this work on the Parthenon that I had leisure to wander about Athens, and one day came upon the Weaving Establishment on Amelia Avenue, started by the women of Athens for Greek peasants. My years of study with Mr. Hambidge had prepared me for what now happened. The moment I saw the looms and the Greek women weaving at them, something deep within me, something that seemed to have been asleep in my subconscious, awakened, came to life. I knew that I had found the important thing for me. I **had** to learn to weave! So I asked Kyria Elene Avramea, who was then head of the Weaving Department, to let me come there and work as an apprentice. With the usual Greek sense of hospitality, she consented without hesitation and I started almost immediately at the very bottom, doing anything I was told. It was some time before I was actually allowed to weave. Never shall I forget how wonderful every one was in helping me. The Silk Merchants took me around and showed me how silk was reeled and cocoons spun to make the fascinating "coucoularico." I became completely absorbed by this work and by the Greek way of life. There was something so basic about it — so profound, — it seemed to reach back into the ages — to relate me to all women of all time. But Greek things are like that—fundamental, essential, significant. That seems to me the real character of Greek thought, its elimination of the superficial, its emphasis on essentials and going

deep into true meaning. The Greeks did not ignore the trivial, it was simply absorbed and used to enrich the essential in all their creations. The Greek language illustrates this to a high degree. A Greek word describes exactly what it is intended to convey, not just factually, but with a rich poetic quality that could only come from the depths of being. Working with Law, the Greek knew how to bring forth the sleeping beauty potential in all Nature, waiting only for the magic touch of Mind to awaken it.

After a year in Greece, I returned to America, loaded down with Greek looms, Greek silks and all the paraphenalia connected with weaving, thinking that the Americans knew nothing of these things, I, a child of a mechanistic civilization, thought that I must bring this wonderful discovery to them! How great was my ignorance in one way!

Then one day Fate brought me back to Georgia, where I was born, but to another part of the State that I knew little of. Here, buried away in the Mountains of the Northern part of the State, I found a real peasantry, very much like the people I had known and loved in Greece, living much the same kind of life. Here was the true pioneer stock of America. They had kept their craft knowledge and their native integrity but their looms had been relegated to the attics, or the woodpile, their spinning wheels put away to be used only now and then to spin a little thread for their men's socks. The Greeks, like the American Indians, used the distaff and spindle, but this old European stock employed the large wheel for the spinning of their threads.

All these arts were fast dying out because poverty and neglect had forced these people, the best blood in

WEAVERS AND CO-WORKERS ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE WEAVING SHED

America, gradually to give in to the inroads of mechanism. When I came upon all this, a great desire took possession of me to save this ancient skill and to help these people to preserve and develop the essentials of this **whole** life that they really believed in and had tried, against all odds, to keep. With the help of a few friends, I have been able to build up a small group here in this isolated mountain section, devoted to Agriculture and the Handcrafts. I gave up my Greek looms, which are much like those once in use among the Mountain people here, and adopted the modern American loom, only a slight modification of the older loom but much more accurate and efficient. I also learned to spin on the spinning wheel in place of the distaff, which I had never taken up. So spinning I acquired here in America. And it was this that led me to a deeper understanding of original raw materials, which could be adapted to our uses here, and which hold such limitless possibilities for the development of quality in fabrics. I also learned to do all the dyeing myself by a colour principle discovered and taught to me by Mr. Hambidge.

Why was it that in learning Greek methods of weaving first, before I discovered weaving in America, I was fortunate? Because of the very quality I mentioned as characteristic of the Greeks — something

FOUNDATION'S OWN GRIST MILL

real, based on Nature, growing from first principles. In Greek weaving, as I found it, natural, hand spun raw materials were used, vegetable dyes and the fabrics were functional, actually being used by the women for their clothes. Something primitive had been kept. Whereas this Mountain weaving had grown static, European and never primitive to begin with, it had retained a lot of traditional surface patterns and many machine threads were used. Technique had grown rusty and there was no artistry or originality of design. There was very little of an artistic nature remaining in the people except an inborn love for craftsmanship. This had to be encouraged, brought out and developed. But the special quality you noticed in our fabrics at Rabun Studios could not have been developed simply through peasant work. It came from knowledge of that classic principle consciously used and unconsciously inherent in the raw materials themselves. Art comes from these two powers merging as one. But no matter how impersonal the principle, the expression of it must have the personal quality of each people or individual using it in his own peculiar way. Therefore this weaving, though inspired by Greece, had to be developed through my own people in my own Country. Personally I owe much to Greece. Western civilization owes its way of life to her.

My one wish for Greece is that she will remain true to her own great heritage and steep herself in this heritage, that she will never become corrupted by outside influences. I hope that she will not adopt American methods of mass production, industrialization and mechanism—they would not suit the Greek people or make them happy. Let her take the best from America—her engineering, her science and her efficiency in practical ways. In her phenomenal rise to weath and power, America for the moment has forgotten the philosophy of the Golden Mean, believed in by the Classic Greeks. But there is a trend back to it. Let both Greece and America remember that this is the very source of our way of life. In the Contest between Athena and Poseidon, it was Athena who came out victorious. Athena, Patron Goddess of the Handcrafts and the Wisdom of the Earth and of Women, of the olive and the cultivation of the Soil, triumphed over Poseidon, God of the Sea and of Commerce. Agricul-

(Continued on Page 49)

Greek-American Colonies, Churches and Schools in the United States

By THEODORE N. CONSTANT

(Continued from preceding issue)

Although this treatise covers the period of time commencing with the Greek immigration movement to the United States which has been set at 1882, it would not be amiss if we should give here a succinct account of three Greek colonies that preceded that year for the sake of a chronological perspective.

The New Smyrna Colony[1] was founded by one Dr. Andrew Turnbull, an Englishman, in 1768. Having been ceded 20,000 acres of unclaimed land in Florida, he imported Italians, Minorcans and 200 persons from Mani (Laconia) Greece, to cultivate the land and in return he promised them certain privileges and land grants. This was the first Greek colony in the United States. However, Turnbull did not keep his part of the bargain and the colonists rebelled against him. Many of the Greeks fled to **St. Augustine,**[2] Florida, and settled there, thus founding the second Greek colony in the United States. Two out of the three rebel leaders were Greek, named Lamias and Gianopoulos. When Florida was ceded to Spain in 1783, most of the non-Catholic settlers left, but the Greeks and many others stayed. While these Greeks lived together in New Smyrna, which was named in honor of the birthplace of Turnbull's Greek wife, they no doubt exercised their Greek Orthodox faith in improvised churches, as might be expected from a group of Greeks of that size.

The first Greek Orthodox Church in the United States was the **Holy Trinity Church** in New Orleans, Louisiana,[3] founded by D. N. Botassis, later the Counsel of Greece in New York for many years, his brother J. N. Botassis, and N. M. Benakis, each of whom contributed $500.00 for that purpose and the last one also donated the lot on which the church was built. The congregation was composed of a few Greek merchants and marines, and some Syrians and Slavs of the same faith. There was next to the church a residence for the priest. The first priest was a Russian, but in 1880 a Greek priest was procured. The proceedings of the church were kept in the English language up to 1907.

New York.[4] — About 500 Greeks out of a total of about 3,000 who had arrived in the United States during the first decade following 1882 had remained in the City of New York. When the idea of organization was first expressed in 1891, as we have seen in the previous installment, the leaders of the New York Greek colony first took the initiative to organize. They met in a small Greek restaurant on Roosevelt Street and decided to organize a society which, among other things, would attend to the matter of procuring a Greek priest. Consequently, the "Hellenic Brotherhood Athena" was formed, and Solon I. Vlastos, who later established the Greek Newspaper "Atlantis", became its first president.

Mr. Canoutas says that the enthusiasm of these nostalgic Greeks was very great following the organization of the society. Very little effort was required to enroll members. Contributions were quickly made and when a sufficient amount of money was collected in the society treasury, an application for a Greek priest was made to the Holy Synod of Greece. The Rev. P. Ferentinos was sent who was the second Greek priest in the United States to conduct church services in the Greek language, and the first one in New York City. An old Protestant church on 53rd street and 8th avenue was procured for that purpose and the new church was named the **Holy Trinity.**

The initial enthusiasm and cooperation of the New York colony Greeks soon gave way to dissention. The administration of the church was assigned to a mixed Board of Directors consisting of members and non-members of the Athena Society under the presidency of Pantelis Fakiris, the manager of the local

OLDEST GREEK CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES BUILT IN 1867 IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.

branch of Rallis Brothers. Differences of opinion led the group to apply to the Oecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople for a new priest. In response to that petition, the patriarchate transferred to New York from Marseiles, France, the Rev. Kallinikos Delvey. The split widened with the arrival of the new priest and the antagonism between the two factions was intensified. However, both priests left New York. A new priest, Agathodoros Papageorgopoulos, was sent to New York by the Holy Synod of Greece in 1894. But he, too, resigned. In 1899 the Rev. P. Fiambolis came to New York from Chicago and conducted services during the Holy Week and Easter Sunday in a hall at 77-79 Greenwich Street. This church was later transferred to 138 E. 27th Street. Two other priests came and left. Soon wiser opinions prevailed and the contesting factions agreed on regular elections for a New Board of Directors. A new difficulty then arose from the conflict of jurisdiction between the Patriarch and the Holy Synod of Greece.

The appointment, resignation or dismissal of priests became the order of the day over a period of ten years. Besides those priests already mentioned, the following also served for short periods of time: Anthimos Ioannides, Dorotheos Bakaliaros, Leonidas Adamakos and Zesimos Typaldos. Finally in 1904 Rev. Methodios Kourkoulis was appointed priest in the Holy Trinity Church and he was generally accepted by both factions. It was then that the church building on 72nd Street was purchased for $65,000 with a down payment of $10,000. The American widow of the deceased Greek, Kallia-Bey, contributed $5,000 and Rallis Brothers contributed another $1,000 towards that fund.

The dissention and rivalries, although somewhat abated during Kourkoulis' pastorage, did not cease altogether. Many of the causes of such lack of cooperation were entirely extraneous to the affairs of the church. In 1908 new elections were held; but those who lost out could not take it, and, therefore, seceded and organized a church of their own, the Annunciation, wherein Rev. N. Lazaris became the priest. This church was at first established at 329-355 West 30th Street. Then a new church building was purchased at 310-12 West 54th Street, thanks to the generosity of Euripides Kehagias, a Greek tobacco executive and philanthropist. Later on a new church was also founded in Brooklyn with Rev. Stephanos Makaronis as the priest. A fourth church, St. Nicholas, in down town New York was also established with Rev. Kyrillos Vafiades as priest.

We mentioned the petty rivalries, jealousies and dissention of the Greeks in early New York because

EURIPIDES KEHAGIAS IS AN EXAMPLE OF AN ENTERPRISING GREEK IMMIGRANT WHO ORGANIZED MANY CORPORATIONS IN AMERICA

they were very typical. Politics was another major cause of dissention in later years following the famous Venizelos-Constantine split in Greece over Greece's foreign policy. Other Greek colonies and churches in the United States copied, as it were, what happened in New York with varying degrees of intensity but with unfortunately similar results. But in the wake of the Greek catastrophy in Asia Minor, the sobering effect of the opinions of men with families and successful businesses made itself felt.

All the New York churches maintained by Greeks also operated afternoon schools for Greek Children. In the year 1911, thanks to the initiative taken by some persons of the Annunciation Church, by the newspaper Atlantis, and the associations of Florists and Confectioners, a school building was purchased for $31,000 in Bronx. As early as 1907 the association of Confectioners had commenced to give benefit dances annually for the sole purpose of raising enough money for a

D. N. BOTASSI, ONE OF THE OLDEST GREEK MERCHANTS IN THE UNITED STATES—SERVED ALSO AS GREEK CONSUL

school. The new school opened its gates as the "Greek American Institute". It was, however, discovered that the cost of its maintenance was disproportionate to the total amounts of collections and contributions. Hence, on January 24, 1918, on Greek Ambassador Roussos' suggestion, a meeting of the leading Greeks in New York was called at the Biltmore Hotel and there the sum of $15,000 was collected by contributions. This amount was doubled by Euripides Kehagias who was at the time president of Annunciation Church and headed the Standard Commercial Tobacco Company. The school funds were further swelled by new collections all totaling $35,000. Thus the maintenance of the school was assured for a few more years. This school operates as an accredited parochial school at the present day, as we are informed.

It must be noted that in each instance where there is a well organized and operated Greek church in the United States, a Sunday School is also maintained as an adjunct to it. It is very pleasant to state that these Sunday Schools are being run very efficiently and are therefore very well attended.

The Greek colony of New York grew very rapidly. Just as it is the metropolis of the United States, so it also contains the leading Greek colony. We have shown in previous installments in the Athene that New York City was the place of origin of most of the Greek American business. This is where numerous Greek language newspapers have seen the light of day and where there are still published two Greek dailies, the Atlantis and the National Herald, which serve Greek readers in this country, Canada, and other parts of the world. It is here also where leadership has been asserted on many burning issues touching the native land of the Greeks, as well as on questions relating to their own life in this country. It is safe to state that by

(Continued on Page 54)

Demetra Vaka's Autobiography

(Continuing the Fascinating Story of the late Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) America's exotic writer of Greek descent).

CHAPTER XVI

YOUNG COURAGE IN A YOUNG WORLD

We disembarked in New York on a rainy, gloomy day. The sky was a dirty yellow, hanging low over our heads, with everything strange, unaccountable. In rain and depression we drove to Hotel Martin, which, if I remember, was then on lower Fifth Avenue.

At luncheon we found a tall glass of strange, whitish-green flowers on the table. It seemed very thoughtful of the management to us strangers, and each of us pinned a spray of the odd flower on our dress. We wondered why everyone stared at us, until the chambermaid explained that celery was to be eaten, not worn.

The next few days continued as inclement as the first, and our depression was heightened by what we had to pay at the hotel, and what our meals cost us. Helen, the consul's wife, was the only one who knew English, and she went out to find an apartment. It had to be large enough to house the eight of us and the two maids we should need. After days of search, she rented one in the eighties, on the west side—and prepared us for disappointment. In spite of her warning we nearly wept when we beheld it. The living-room in front and the kitchen behind were the only outside rooms. The rest were banked against the next house, with only a few feet between. There was one maid's room, so small that we did not see how two could possibly live in it.

Soon we found that we did not have to worry about two maids. The wages prohibited more than one. To a European, without a large income, who has to translate his money into dollars, America is a fearsome place.

On the third day in the apartment I found Helen crying. "I don't see how we can live," she sobbed.

The practical side of me asserted itself. We wrote down the consul's salary, the money they had on hand, and their private income. We set down the running expenses—and looked at each other, frightened. There was not a cent left. "Did we come to the new world to live in penury?" Helen wailed.

There was still another vexing problem. The family had brought with them a man servant: one of those useless creatures posted for swank at the entrances of consulates and embassies in Turkey. Wearing his gaudy native costume, he always accompanied us; and in the street-cars, even if many seats were vacant, he would stand up respectfully, and salute every time we spoke to him.

Since there was no room in the apartment for him, the consul arranged a couch in the consulate, and gave him money for his food. It would have been **infra dig** to ask him to help in the apartment; for I do not believe he had ever done an hour's useful work in his life. His role was to pose grandly, to impress visitors. Into the New York picture he did not fit at all. His grumbling and discontent increased, until the consul shipped him back to Turkey—which further depleted the cash on hand.

Fortunately we had made friends on the steamer with an American who engaged me to teach French to his little daughter, twice a week. They lived in Harlem, and I learned to take the elevated at 81st street, alight at a station farther up, and walk several blocks to his house. On a piece of paper Helen wrote my name, my address, and where I was going, so that if I got lost I could show the paper to some one. She also taught me to say, "Please direct me." New York being an easy city to find one's way about in, I never had to show the paper.

In a week we were settled, if one can use those words, which imply comfort. Accustomed as we were to plenty of service, one maid of all work was pretty dismal. And her cooking!

At first we could not eat it at all, and we tried to teach her to cook vegetables our way. The result was she left us.

We tried another, who also left us. This decided me, when the third one came, to cook the vegetables myself—thankful for the training that had been given me. Yet we considered it disgraceful for people like us to do our own housework, so every day we invented new euphonious Greek expressions to designate our work.

In a few days Helen and I went to Normal College, and asked to see the president. He was Dr. Thomas Hunter, for whom, shortly before his death, the college was re-named. He was a kindly, white-haired man who inspired confidence.

"Naturally the first thing for your friend to do is to learn English," he said to Helen. "We have a student who knows French well enough to be able to teach her. She is brilliant, and I recommend her highly—if she has time, and wishes to undertake the task. I will send for her."

Anna Mix was a slender girl, with a firm mouth, and dark-blue eyes, fringed with long lashes. Dr. Hunter asked her if she was willing to teach me English.

In French she said slowly to me: "I shall be glad to teach you." We settled the hour and the remuneration, which was exactly what I was receiving from my one and only French pupil. I felt warmly drawn to Anna Mix. In the fall of 1945 we celebrated the golden anniversary of our friendship, uninterrupted and unclouded, thanks to Anna's gracious and understanding nature.

After a few lessons she proposed that instead of my paying her, we should divide our lesson into equal parts: half to teach me English, and the other half for me to improve her French.

Anna was not only a good teacher, but the right kind of American for me to meet at the outset. She was of English descent, her people having lived in

America for generations, always owning land, and adhering to those principles upon which the American nation is founded. Along with her teaching of English, she explained to me the American way of living—so strange, and so unloved. Anna Mix was patient, and in spite of our vastly different manner of upbringing, she understood and stood my vagaries, with charming grace.

New York continued to be a bitter disappointment. My imagination, inflamed by the words "new world," had created a city as clean as Athens, with wide avenues and splendid parks, and with dwellings surrounded by gardens, as befitted the greatest city of the new world.

The reality:—the narrow, dingy streets, the rows and rows of houses with monotonous brownstone steps leading up to the front doors, without a tree in front of them, were unfriendly and uninviting. Thick lace curtains barred the inside, and never did one see a face at the windows.

Only two street-car lines were horseless at that time: Broadway and Lexington Avenue. The others were all drawn by horses, and though men were continually cleaning the streets, that did not prevent them from smelling. And there was the most horrible of all inventions, the elevated, which upon high iron trestles thundered through streets of unkempt houses, whose blowsy windows looked as if they had never been washed. One glimpsed the sordid interiors, with unshaven men in their shirt-sleeves, and slovenly women with curl-papers in their hair. The El had two advantages, however: it went fast, and it was above the horse-smelling streets.

Our apartment was only a few blocks from the Hudson, and by its side we walked, in spite of the frightful cold which shrivelled us up. But the shores of that beautiful river, instead of being lined with cafes, and laid out in gardens, as they would have been in Europe, were polluted by railroads and dirt. A few blocks eastward was Central Park, and that afforded us constant pleasure. There the white snow had its way. It rested on the grass and the shrubs, unspoiled, while in the streets its fluffy whiteness, piled high, became black and unlovely. One day while walking with the children in the park, I came upon the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We entered it—and life was changed. Discovering that there were days when one did not have to pay, I used to take the road to it with an anticipation comparable to a lover's tryst. Nothing could keep me from it on its free days. In the imperishable beauty within its walls I could forget the outside ugliness of New York.

During that winter, fresh Armenian massacres broke out in the interior of Turkey, and the American papers reacted violently. Helen read them, and translated the epithets applied to the sultan and his ministers. We were amazed that the American government should permit its press so vociferously to abuse the ruler of another country with whom it had diplomatic relations. We were not accustomed to America's freedom of the press.

The Turkish ambassador in Washington, also a Greek, did his best to explain and smooth over matters—only massacres were difficult to smooth over, and the Armenians were Christians. Helen, too, wrote to the papers as plausibly as she could, but her words were entirely ineffectual before the indignation of the American people, fanned by reports from their missionaries.

All this criticism so incensed the sultan that the salaries of his representatives in the United States were no longer sent to them. Had the consul-general and Helen been alone they might have been able to last out the crisis of American indignation and Turkish resentment; but they had five children, and the situation was so critical that Helen and I decided to take care of the apartment ourselves, and let the maid go.

I do not remember whether the sultan finally recalled them, or my friends decided they could no longer afford to remain in America. But what about me? I was too young to be left here alone, and must go back with them.

"I am not going back," I announced, "and I am not alone. I have Anna Mix."

"But you have no money, and you can't speak the language."

"I shall not return to Turkey. You will have to borrow money for your passage, and you cannot shoulder my expense, too."

"But you hate New York."

"Millions seem to love it. I may learn to, myself."

"I will try to find you a place as governess in a Greek family," Helen said,—and I resolved to leave that Greek family as soon as my friends were out of the country. I had not come to America to become a governess in a Greek family.

Lying awake that night, a plan suggested itself, and on the following day I went to the office of the Greek newspaper, **Atlantis,** and asked the owner if there was a place on his staff which I could fill.

"Have you ever done newspaper work?"

"Never, but one has to begin."

We talked together for a while, and then he said: "Suppose you read the latest edition of the **Courier des Etats Unis.** Choose what you think would interest the Greek people, translate it, and write some short editorials on it. Then bring them to me."

That night, after everyone had gone to bed, I translated what interested me in the **Courier,** and wrote some short editorial paragraphs. These I took to the editor. He made several criticisms, but ended: "I think we have a place for you," and offered me ten dollars a week.

It wasn't much, but with my one pupil I could live a very modest way, and go on with my studies in English. I accepted the offer, and said I would start work on the day the family left New York.

That evening I triumphantly announced what I had accomplished. My friends were amazed—and infinitely relieved. "I do believe you are able to face the world alone," Helen admitted.

A few weeks later they left for Europe. The liner sailed early in the morning, and we all went aboard the night before. We were hardly through breakfast when the last gong warned visitors to go ashore. We embraced, with tears and laughter, and parted.

After the tugboat, like a Seeing Eye, had piloted the liner into mid-stream and I could no longer distinguish my friends, I walked off the dock, thankful that they were going away from New York and its constant financial strain.

(Continued on Page 50)

The 1951 Pilgrimage to Greece

of American Scholars and Intellectuals Under the Auspices of ATHENE MAGAZINE

King Paul of Greece has proclaimed the year 1951 as HOME-COMING YEAR in Hellas.

It will be a year of intense patriotic and religious significance marked with momentous events, including: Guided tours to the monuments and historic sites all over Greece; Theatrical performances, concerts and pageants in the ancient theatres of Greece and in the Athens Stadium; Ancient, medieval and modern Hellenic Chrodramas and outdoor celebrations, including religious ceremonies of historical importance.

This year also marks the 1900th Anniversary of St. Paul who taught Christianity in Greece.

In view of all these, ATHENE MAGAZINE has suggested a pilgrimage to Greece by American Scholars and Intellectuals this year.

This pilgrimage will take place during JULY and AUGUST.

A Committee has been formed in Athens to receive our group of American educators and scholars and to work out a program for their sojourn in the historic land this year.

The Athens Committee consists of:

The Rector of the Universityy of Athens;

The Rector of the Highest Commercial School in Athens

Prof. Orlandos of the University of Athens, and director of the Archeology Dept. in the Ministry of Education.

The president of the Athens Newspaper Editors Association

D. Avramides, director of the Greek-American Cultural and Educational Institute of Athens

M. Mantoudes, Director of Theatre and Arts in the Ministry of Public Education

D. Kontes, Director of the Ministry of Finance

Mavreta Bourlos, Athene Correspondent in Greece.

(This is a tentative list and other names will be added soon).

—:—

The Athens Committee in collaboration with the ATHENE Magazine Committee have evolved the following tentative plan:

1. Those wishing to join the Pilgrimage should arrive in Greece betwewen the 1st and 16th of July, 1951. All pilgrims to congregate in Athens on a certain day to be announced by the Athens Committee.

2. There are three ways to reach Athens:

a) Via TWA. There will be regular flights originating in New York and Chicago almost every day. Furthermore TWA offers airline service direct to Athens from any of 60 U. S. cities coast to coast. This route is preferred because it saves time for busy scholars and executives.
COST: Round Trip: New York to New York—$949.70 plus tax
Cost: Round Trip: Chicago to Chicago—$1020.00 plus tax

b) New York to Athens via Cherbourg, Paris, with stop over privileges in Geneva, Milan, Rome, etc. at no extra cost. By Boat to Cherbourg, via Airplane the rest of the way.
COST: Round Trip: New York to New York—$637.00.

c) By Boat—New York straight to Pireaus
COST: Round Trip: New York to New York—Tourist Class: $626.50—Cabin: $726.75.

Those contemplating taking Route C should bear in mind that the excursion being planned in high season it is hard to guarantee accommodations on Steamships like Nea Hellas, sailing direct to the port of Pireaus on short notice, unless reservations are made in advance, now!)

Program and Itinerary

GENERAL EVENTS

The following general events are scheduled during the first ten days in August as part of the overall 1951 HOMECOMING YEAR CELEBRATIONS:

1. OEDIPUS TYRANNOS by Sophocles at the Ancient Theatre at Delphi by the National Theatre of Greece with the famous Greek movie star Katina Paxinou and her actor-husband Alexis Minotis, to be followed by an exhibition of popular arts, Greek folk dances and Athletic games at the Delphi Stadium.

2. THE TROJAN WOMEN by Euripides at the Theatre of Herodes Atticos, Athens, to be produced by the "National Theatre" of Greece.

3. Aeschylus' PROMETHEUS BOUND and Aristophanes' LYSISTRATA will be produced by the THYMELIKOS THIASOS OF LINOS KARZIS at the Theatre of Herodes Atticos.

4. An ancient Greek Chorodrama by Koula Pratsika and her famous dancing school at the ancient theatre of Epidauros.

5. A series of concerts by the ATHENS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA and the Athenian Choir at the Theatre of Herodes Atticos, under the direction of the famous conductor ALBERT WOLF and perhaps FURTHWANGLER.

6. The great religious festival commemorating the 1900th anniversary of the frist visit of the apostle Paul to Athens will be repeated.

(All the above events are scheduled, August 1-10, 1951).

SPECIAL ITINERARY FOR OUR GROUPS

We are working on a 24-day itinerary, with special emphasis on its cultural, educational and entertaining features, which when completed will constitute one of the most memorable experiences in the lives of our excursionists. This plan includes:

1. Guided tours of the antiquities in the city of Athens (1 day)
2. One-day guided tour to Laurium and Sunium (Temple of Poseidon)
3. One-day guided tour by Bus to Marathon
4. Two-day guided tour by Bus to Thebes and Delphi
5. One-day tour by Bus to Daphni, Eleusis, Old Corinth
6. One-day guided tour by Bus to Daphni, Eleusis, Old Corinth, Argos, Nauplion and Mycenae
8. 7-day guided cruise to the Islands of Greece, by special chartered boat. (A minimum of 150 persons is required for this cruise according to our travel agency in Greece, and it includes besides the chartering of the boat, food, sleeping accommodations and all other expenses coincident with visits to museums and other historic spots on islands. A special descriptive folder will tell of the islands to be covered by this cruise).
9. A 7-day tour of the Peloponnesus including food and sleeping accommodations. (48 persons required minimum for this tour).
10. A one-day guided tour by chartered boat in the Saronic Gulf.

The grand total for the 24-day itinerary described above, including transportation, food and sleeping accommodations is $388.00 provided we can meet the quotas required. For most of the tours the quota is 30 persons, and only in the case of the seven-day cruise to the islands the quota calls for 150 persons. In Athens where we shall stay only a few days, the pilgrims will have to pay their way as to Hotel accommodations and food. But the Athens Committee will make arrangements in advance for Hotel facilities.

It is therefore important that those who wish to join this year's Pilgrimage to Greece should communicate with us as soon as possible. And please be sure to state how many will be in your party.

(Please note that all reservations should be made through our office)

THE PILGRIMAGE IS OPEN TO ALL FRIENDS OF ARTS AND LETTERS, AMERICANS AND GREEK-AMERICANS

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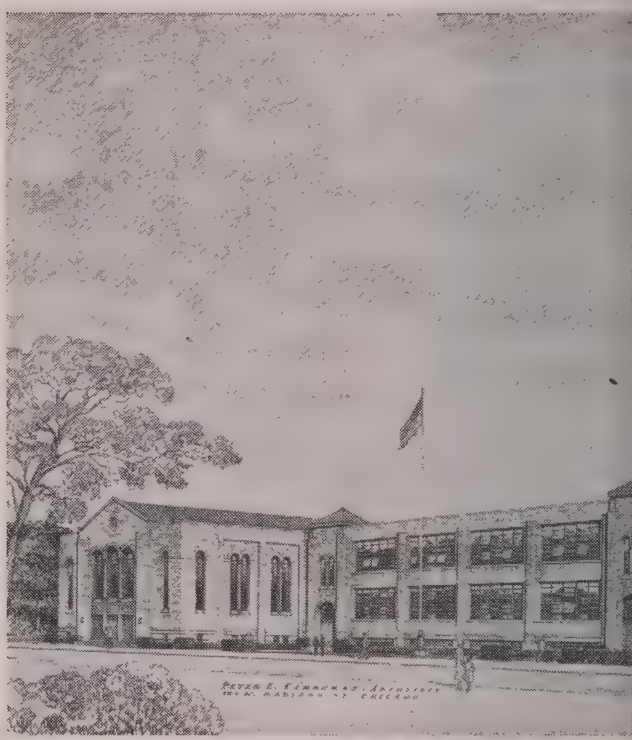

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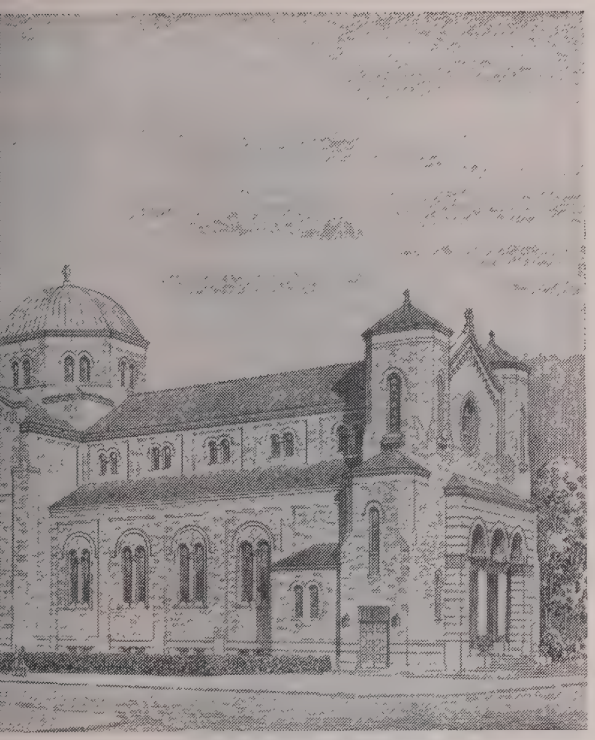

PETER E. CAMBURAS, Architect

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FRIENDS OF THE GREEK VILLAGE

As we all know thousands of Greek villages became victims of the last ten or twelve turbulent years, and naturally most of them were utterly destroyed. Those who survived sought to rebuild these villages but when they came back they found the task impossible due to the fact that they had neither the tools nor the money to undertake reconstruction.

It was as a result of this rather discouraging situation that a movement was organized in Greece and outside of Greece known as the "Friends of the Greek Village".

The movevment simply means this, that a certain locality, association, town or group, adopts a Greek vilage. The idea further is to supply the adopted Greek village not with money but with tools. So far hundreds of villages have been adopted by communities mostly outside of Greece. These sponsoring communities range from Sweden to South Africa and from Australia and New Zeland to America. Thus the community of Edinbourgh, Scotland

THE QUEEN OF GREECE INSPECTING SUPPLIES SENT BY "FRIENDS OF THE GREEK VILLAGE" FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

has adopted three villages in Macedonia and one in Epirus. The Norwegian Relief Societies have adopted 37 villages in Central Greece. Oxford University (England) has adopted a village in Macedonia, and so it goes with America, France, New Zealand, Central America, being mentioned as sponsors of villages. But sponsored villages so far are only a small percentage of the number that need help desperately.

Now here is what you can do. If your community, Club or School plans to adopt a Greek Village, write to the Central Committee in Athens, "FRIENDS OF THE GREEK VILLAGE" 9 Herodou Atticou Street, Athens, Greece. They will send you a list of stricken villages to choose from. Then all you do is to send help to your adopted village in the form of tools, farm implements, seed, clothing, perhaps food, and so on and so forth. Or you may communicate with us and we shall bring you in touch with the proper authorities.

ANNA XYDIS ACCLAIMED AGAIN AS DYNAMIC PIANIST

ANNA XYDIS

The Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy, presented Anna Xydis, famous Greek pianist at the Academy of Music on December 22, 1950 in the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3.

Miss Xydis, according to the critics of the City of Brotherly Love gave an excellent account of herself and although she has appeared in summer concerts some years back, to most Philadelphians she was a newcomer.

Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: "That ancient adage about Greeks bearing gifts was deftly and decisively demolished at the Philadelphia Orchestra concert in the Academy, yesterday, musically at least. Its deft distaff demolisher was Anna Xydis, dynamic pianistic artist from Athens who made her debut in the regular Symphony series. Miss Xydis' memorable performance of Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto was the prize package on the Christmas program presented by Eugene Ormandy. Her playing has been likened to the grand manner of Paderewski and De Pachmann".

The Philadelphia Bulletin: "Miss Xydis gave a bang-up performance of what is probably the finest and most fluent of Rachmaninoff's own performance of this concerto than any that has been heard in the interim. The Greek pianist has an almost masculine directness of approach. Her temperament also has a touch of the leonine in its forthright projection".

THE GREEK TRAGEDIAN

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Books

MODERN GREEK POETRY

Rae Dalven, **Modern Greek Poetry.** New York: Gaer Associates. 1949. Pp. 320. $3.50.

Miss Dalven's publication introduces to the American public a generous portion of modern Greek poetry. A work of this type is indeed much appreciated. The anthology consists of a number of folk songs and poems or portions thereof from forty-four different poets. The literal translation has been adopted. This I have checked here and there and have found the meaning conveyed very well. My only remark is that the translator seems to lack ease in handling the English language.

The selection of the authors and poems is not entirely satisfactory. Important poets like Achilleus Paraschos, Polemis, Provelenghios, Vernandakis, and others are not included. Some of the more recent poets that have been included are not too worthy of the honor.

Unknown as modern Greek poetry is to the American public, a suitable introduction for a work of this kind becomes indispensable. With a short introduction Miss Dalven attempts to give the reader the proper background for understanding and appreciating modern Greek poetry. Unfortunately this introduction falls short of its purpose. It is inadequate, because it fails to give a description of modern Greek poetry-form and types, subjects, ideas, schools of poetry, etc. There isn't a single reference concerning dramatic poetry. Little or nothing is said about the various influences—classical, Byzantine, western.

The author confines herself mainly to the subject of the language, which she discusses in connection with historical events. But here again she fails to be objective. In her opinion it is only the demotic language that has fostered the creative genius of the poets, while the purist or katharevousa is considered the damnation to inspiration. Miss Dalven can see only an endless struggle for survival and dominance of the demotic. This struggle she also identifies with the struggle for survival and independence of the Greek nation itself. On the other hand, the purist language is identified with decadence, monarchism (p. 23f), dictatorship, and tyranny (pp. 38-39).

Paradoxically, however, the author states that her "selection of material for this anthology has . . . not been influenced by a poet's use of language, demotic or purist." (p. 23). I may note here that Calvos wrote his poems in the purist language, yet the best authorities consider him as one of the five greatest Greek poets of today. Of the other four, Cavafy takes in so much of the purist tradition and succeeds in writing great poetry. (cf. also L. Politis, **Themes of our Literature,** p. 73. Athens, 1947). Furthermore, the most widely read prose-writer of Greece is the short story writer Alexander Papadiamantis (1851-1911) who used the purist.*

Besides my criticism of the introduction as a whole, I would like to point out that there are also errors of facts. I need but indicate a few of them.

P. 27. The novel entitled **Barlaam and Joasaph** was not written by St. John of Damascus as stated here, but by the Georgian saint Euthymius the Athonite (see P. Peeters, **Analecta Bollandiana,** XLIX, 276-312; and R. L. Wolff, **Harvard Theological Review,** XXX, 233f; XXXII, 131f).

P. 27, lines 12-21. This paragraph distorts history. Basil I did murder Michael III, but not because the latter preferred the people's language! Moreover, the **Song of Armouri** was written as a tribute to Michael III, **but** for his successful campaigns against the Arabs (856-859, 863).

P. 27. Two other statements in this paragraph are inaccurate: Digenis Akritas is called the "leader who fought to liberate the people" (but cf. p. 49). And "the Akritan epics are about the men who aided Digenis".

P. 27. Here it is better to term Theodore Prodromus a poet of the court rather than a monk, for he flourished near the court, had been married, and only late in life became a monk.

P. 30. It is incorrect to write in 1949 that "the guerrillas today are following in the tradition of the klephts".

The spelling of the names of writers and places is incorrect or inconsistent in a number of cases.

In summing up this review, I would like to say the following: the merit of Rae Dalven's work lies in the faithful translation and the presentation of many of the more representative Greek poets of today. However, the introduction is unscholarly, inadequate, and biased. It does justice neither to the poets included in the work nor to Greece and Greek literature as a whole.

—JOHN P. CAVARNOS, Rutgers University

(NOTE: Concerning the authorship of BARLAAM, the Loeb Classical Library seems to agree with Miss Dalven. Of course, the subject is not closed one way or another. It is also rather strange that Professor Cavarnos, an able Hellenist, should be inclined to take Miss Dalven to task for identifying the KATHAREVOUSA with decadence. If some of the poets who used the purist idiom were great, one can imagine how greater they would have been, had they utilized the demotic idiom).

THE GROWTH OF LOVE

Reviewed by C. J. LAMPOS

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE by Longus is one of the loveliest romances in world literature, and here is a new and enchanting edition of this old favorite (Pantheon Books. New York. 1949. 175 pp. $3.75). This is one of the earliest examples of the art of fiction, being written sometime between the beginning of the 3rd century A. D. and the end of the 5th century. The translation is the quaint version from the original Greek published by George Thornley in 1657. It contains exquisite, unaffected woodcuts (mostly nudes) by Aristide Maillol.

The story, located in "a land of milk and honey"—one of the Aegean islands—, deals with a pair of abandoned children, shepherding, love rivalry, pirate raids, war, and every misadventure likely to occur in a melodrama. But the main current revolves about the growth of the love of Daphnis and Chloe and how they learn to recognize their love and to express it. Love does conquer all, and in the end the two lovers are wed.

Despite its erotica, or perhaps because of it, this is a beautiful and pure story. No Classical or general library is complete without this delightful, immortal idyl of pastoral Greece.

A LOST HISTORIAN

The centuries have torn out a major portion of the works of virtually all the ancient writers, and some of them survive only in more or less brief quotations. The valuable book ONESICRITUS: A STUDY IN HEL-

(Continued on Page 39)

FLORIDA and the Greek Touch

(Letter from ATHENE staff member)

Dear Boss:

This began my first lengthy absence from a Greek home, and I wondered what it would be like. I hoped we would stop at Greek restaurants, for it is always heart-warming to hear Romaic on the road. But there wasn't a single opportunity during our entire 1800-mile drive through seven states—Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida.

Just before crossing from the Indiana side of the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky, we spotted a Marathon Lunch Room. As half a century ago my father had operated under that name one of the first Greek restaurants in Chicago, we went in. The chili and barbecues were good and seasoned warmly, too, but the girls were quite Southern and the proprietor wasn't there.

After getting settled with friends in Miami, we made our first Greek contact by driving to the local Orthodox church. We were really bowled over by the huge, commanding edifice—a wonderfully exquisite Byzantine structure also appropriating features of the Spanish architecture of Florida. It is a white stone building, gleaming white in the clean atmosphere and bright sun of this locality, with red tile roof and a big dome and bell-tower like St. Sophia of Constantinople, after which it is named. We have combed Miami from suburb to suburb, and this is positively one of the largest and loveliest churches hereabouts. The first Mass was sung in this new church in March, 1949, and it will probably be dedicated later this Winter. It is still undecorated, but it has a most striking Byzantine altar.

The candlelighter informed us that the priest lives in the first house behind the church, and then he guided us through the exit which has a long ramp running to the sidewalk. It was a very hot Florida afternoon in November, and I was distressed by the formality of wearing a coat. We saw a man in a sport shirt approaching us, leading a little boy.

"That's the priest," Louise said.

"A Greek priest in a sport shirt?" I retorted, almost indignantly, recalling the heavily bewhiskered priest of my childhood in another Southern city. "We're looking for the priest," I turned to the man.

"I am the priest," he replied in perfect English.

"Oh, and you're a young fellow, too!" I exclaimed.

I could have added that he is also a handsome fellow. He chatted cordially with both of us and asked us to return in a couple of days for a more leisured interview.

It was even hotter on the morning we returned, and the priest led us to the cool basement of the church. Louise complimented him for the ramp.

"We have many people coming to church in wheelchairs during the tourist season," he explained.

Since then Louise and I have explored scores of churches in Greater Miami, but so far St. Sophia is the only one we have seen which has a ramp for the convenience of the lame, ill, and aged. In view of the fact that Orthodoxy is often accused of not being exactly progressive, this is quite a distinction for a Greek church.

The Reverend Demosthenes J. Mekras was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, and was educated at the Greek Theological Seminary of Pomfret, Connecticut. He was ordained in 1944 and has been pastor of the Greek community of Miami since then. He is married to Toula Panagiotopoulos, also of Lowell. We saw their two young children, Evangeline and George, and they made me homesick for my nephews and nieces 1400 miles away.

Father Mekras seemed to be a quiet, unassuming fellow at first hearing, but in the course of our several chats so far we have found him to be a man of sincere and firm convictions. He was surprised when I mentioned that there has been some controversy in the Greek-American publications in Chicago over the future of the Greek religion and language in America.

"The Greek church is here to stay," he declared, and he promised to write a paper for ATHENE stating his most positive views.

I was excited to find a young American who is an Orthodox priest. I wondered what his influence might be on the Greek youth of the community, and this became quite evident when Louise and I attended church a few days later. It was a bitter cold morning for Florida, but we were thoroughly surprised when the choir filed in. There were eighteen girls and seven lads, and such exquisite Byzantine chanting! This is by far the best Orthodox choir I have ever heard. It is directed by Prof. Nicholas Vamasescu, founder of the Opera House of Roumania, who now lives in Florida for his health. Miss Freida Spillis is the organist. The choir has a reservoir of 60 voices.

Father Mekras himself has a strong, beautiful voice at Mass. The psalti of St. Sophia is John Plethos, who is also the teacher of the Greek school of some 40 youngsters. There are about 2000 Greeks in this locality, but of course they are scattered throughout the half-dozen or so city or village units of Greater Miami. The church is located at 2401 S. W. 3rd Avenue, Miami.

To gather material for this letter, we dropped in to see John Colozoff, president of the church during the past ten years. He is owner of the Florida Fuel Oil Co., 830 N. W. 73rd Street, Miami, and we were stunned by the hugeness and cleanliness of this firm. The homes in Florida are perfect white or pastel colors, but we hardly expected to find an oil business to be as perfectly new and clean. We were also deeply touched by Mr. Colozoff's courtesy and friendliness. This talk about Southern gentlemen, suh, is most genuine, for Mr. Colozoff is as fine an example as you could find anywhere in this wonderful Southland. From the appearance of his premises and the large fleet of mammoth trucks we have spotted since in many parts of this area, he must combine Greek business astuteness with his gracious personality. He advised us to get as much sun as possible while here and escorted us all the way to our car.

These various calls took us away from home a good deal, and we had most of our lunches at the Blue Berry Muffin, 2255 W. Flagler Street, Miami, whose owners, the Bossi family, became very friendly to us. It is

a large, cool place with delicious food, and we ate unhurriedly and with amiable exchanges with our favorite waitress.

Learning that John Belasco, ATHENE'S New York reporter, was in Florida, I located him via the telephone, and he invited us to lunch with him at The Lighthouse, one of the finest restaurants in all Florida and by far the best Greek-owned restaurant I have ever seen. Louise was all nervous because she feared that Mr. Belasco would be a stuffed shirt. We picked him up in our car at his hotel and had an ATHENE talk on the way. But at The Lighthouse, under the influence of the Atlantic Ocean and a glass of sauterne, all three of us warmed up. Louise asked Mr. Belasco if he has a family.

"No, I am a bachelor," he replied. "I like living alone."

"Don't give my husband ideas," she protested.

Mr. Belasco looked at my brand new wife and snapped back:

"He is giving me ideas!"

The Lighthouse is located on the ocean drive just north of Miami Beach. Louise and I returned to it several times because she liked its rum pie. Once she had a green turtle steak, a delicacy for which Florida is famous. We met Mr. Rakis, one of its owners, a good Cretan who liked the Cretan spread in the Autumn ATHENE and became a sponsor of the magazine. He donated his stack of copies to the members of the St. Sophia choir.

Mr. Rakis is a tall, gray gentleman with the wonderful foods knowledge and slight accent of a Greek and the immaculate manners of a Floridian. He personally escorted my wife to see the huge turtles in a display tank in the outer dining-room.

"They eat plenty of lettuce, all we can give them," he said, adding that some of them are said to be 300 years old.

"Perhaps they live so long because they don't worry about the wrong kind of lettuce," I said.

Mr. Rakis chuckled. We returned to our car, and Louise exclaimed:

"Isn't he a wonderful man!"

Twice we visited the Floridian Hotel, one of the largest and most luxurious hotels in this tourist area. We were quite impressed by its rich furnishings, many of them having Greek motifs. There is a Mediterranean Dining-Room and a Corinthian Bar, for this great hotel is Greek owned. It is located at 540 West Avenue, Miami Beach.

We had a chat with John Nichols, one of its owners. He is a New Yorker in his second year here and an old subscriber to ATHENE. We asked him if we could swim in the hotel's pool, as we found the ocean to be too rough and dirty. So here we are, Louise and I, members of the Floridian Cabana Club. The water in the pool is cold and salty, but it is a mighty fine treat to be swimming in ocean water and taking the warm Florida sun.

The Sunday we were at the Greek church I was tapped on the shoulder, and there stood Constantine Antones, one of our ATHENE habitues and sometimes help man. He is here for his eyes, and one Sunday afternoon we took him for a ride through Greater Miami. It was a hilarious day, and now Mr. Antones is looking "for a girl who, like your Louise, has a car and is willing to come to Florida with me." We expect to see more of him when we move into our own apartment.

We asked Mr. Antones if he knew where we could get some yaourty, and he referred us to the Biscayne Importing Co., 11 N. W. South River Road, Miami. The lady who waited on us has big beautiful Greek eyes and was so willing to help that she called a Miami Beach dairy to locate what we wanted—the now popular yogurt. We bought a box of loucoumy and a box of halwah.

People from Chicago are as thick as palm trees here, and many of them are Greeks. Wishing to see Charles Antonopoulos, an officer in the local GAPA, we had lunch at his restaurant, 263 N. E. First Street, Miami. It is a little place containing only a horseshoe counter, but it was crowded and the food was very good. Mr. Antonopoulos wasn't there, but we talked to his wife, a most friendly girl from Chicago who worked for a number of years as an Andes Candies window trimmer.

We signed up for a library card in order to obtain poetry books, and during one visit a gentleman ahead of us asked for a Greek-English dictionary.

"Does he need help?" I asked the librarian.

"Apparently he does," she replied, without trying to be funny.

Speaking of translating, we stopped in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on our way here tonight with Cornelia Steketee Hulst, author of several noted books on Greek subjects and ATHENE contributor. There was a lovely wedding dinner for Louise and hours of Greek gods for Mrs. Hulst and me. She wants me to translate her PERSEUS AND THE GORGON into Greek in order "to inspire the people of Greece with their old patriotism." So I am wondering this lazy afternoon, sir, how long it would take me to learn writing Greek? Mrs. Hulst thinks I might get enough profit out of the transaction to enable me to carry on my new responsibilities. Great Zeus! Is there such a thing as making hard cash out of Greek studies?

There was great excitement here on New Year's Day over the Orange Bowl football game between the University of Miami and Clemson College of South Carolina. Harry Mallios, fullback of the Miami eleven, and Pete Manos, left guard of the Clemson team, are Greek boys as well as leading stars.

Mr. Colozoff having terminated his long period of service as head of the Greek church, we drove over to meet the new president, George Karnegis. He is a soft-speaking, almost shy gentleman who must nevertheless be an outstanding business executive—judging from the size and reputation of his firm, the Royal Baking Co., 601 N. W. 7th Street, Miami. We asked him for permission to tour his premises in order to see how bread is made, and the result was a thrilling experience for both of us. We saw how they mix the flour and knead the dough in huge machines, cut it into loaves or buns in other machines, and make rolls, cakes, and pies in other sections.

It was terrifically hot in the ovens department, but we watched hamburger buns go through a roller oven and emerge a lovely brown in ten minutes. In another oven we saw devil's food cakes come out in twenty minutes. The baker stood by and dug out the hot pans with an enormous shovel. There are machines for washing not only the pans, but also a huge steam chamber to sterilize the tray carts.

My Kynourian mother used to quote an old tradition that a Moslem considers bread as a sacred thing

(Continued on Page 47)

Greek Epiphany in Tarpon Springs

By LILLIAN PRICHARD

EDITOR'S QUEST. — "Boys! Boys-" called the Archbishop Michael through the loud-speaker. Then he added: "Bravo!"

Apparently the young Greek divers were fighting for the cross in their eagerness to recover it, but eventually Mike Ergas, 17-year-old Tarpon Springs high school football star, came up with it.

My wife and I sat on the grass of the bank of the bayou with 10,000 other people, enthralled by the spectacle before us. Everyone of us had awaited the release of the dove and the tossing of the cross, from the roof of a barge towed to the center of the bayou, with the mounting excitement of a thrilling competition. We had heard estimates of the prowess of the competing lads and expressions of favoritism.

Grek Epiphany in Tarpon Springs is not merely an Orthodox holiday, but actually an all-city and all-Florida event of major significance. Most of the men, women, and children sitting around us were non-Greek, and they had come from many cities away. We noticed, also, that these Americans were as familiar with the steps and symbolism of this Orthodox holiday as with Washington's Brithday and the Fourth of July. Write-ups and pictures of this event appeared in virtually all the major newspapers throughout the U. S. A.

We drove to Tarpon Springs to congratulate Lillian Prichard and Fannie Venos on the success of their book, "CAN THE GREEKS COOK!", and ask them to write about the Epiphany festival for ATHENE. But Mrs. Prichard was away in New Mexico and Mrs. Venos lost somewhere in the crowd swarming throughout the sponge city.

As the January 6th issue of the local paper "TARPON SPRINGS LEADER" was given over entirely to this 48th annual Epiphany observance, we dropped in to see its editor-owner, Helen A. Hennig. She graciously consented to our reprint of Mrs. Prichard's dramatic, detailed story of this unique Greek and American festival.

When the sponge beds were discovered in the Gulf of Mexico half a century ago, experienced divers were imported from the Greek isles. The position of respect and admiration that these men and their families won in the hearts of the American community where they settled—and since then in the hearts of the entire American people—gives real hope for the survival of Greek things in this great nation.

C. J. LAMPOS

To the thousands of people who have witnessed the ceremony during the past 47 years it has become synonymous with the chants of the Byzantine choir, the lengthy ritual conducted in the church by the visiting bishop and Father Theo. Karaphillis of St. Nicholas church, the colorful streets to Spring Bayou, where a host of boys await the tossing of the golden cross into the bayou. This climax to the religious ceremony winds up the morning services, after which the visitors depart.

However, through the color and gaiety, the true significance of the day should not be overlooked. The word Epiphany in Greek, signifies an apparition of a divine being.

In the East in early times, it was associated with the baptism of Christ, commemorating the birth of Christ, the Star of the Magi, of the Miracles of Cana and the feeding of the 5,000. The commemoration of the baptism was also called by the fourth century, the "Theophany" which is the word used by most Tarponites of Greek descent, in referring to the holy day.

Ancient history tells us that on the Eve of Epiphany after nightfall, the springs and rivers were blessed and the water was drawn from them and stored for the whole year to be used in lustrations and baptisms.

Likewise on the Eve of Epiphany at St. Nicholas church a special Mass will be held at which time the waters will be blessed, after whch worshipers may take a vessel full back to ther homes to be used during the year for holy purposes.

At the conclusion of the Epiphany services, the water is blesed by the bishop. However, this water remains in the church, to be used in baptisms and lustrations. The blessing of the waters will take place in the marble kiosk on the north side of the church grounds.

In A. D. 385, January 6, was called the birthday of Christ, because of the belief that it was through his baptism that the Lord was reborn through the Holy Spirit. "It was not when he was born, but when he was baptized that he

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH AT TARPON SPRINGS, FLORIDA

became manifest," relates Chrysostom, a writer of the fourth century, to whom we credit much of the information of Epiphany which has been handed down to modern generations.

The earliest extant Greek text of the Epiphany rite is in a Euchologion of about the year 795, now in the Vatican. The prayers recite that at his baptism, Christ hallowed the waters by his presence in Jordan, and ask that they may now be blessed by the Holy Spirit visiting them, by its power and working, as the streams of Jordan were blessed. So they will be able to purify soul and body of all who draw and partake of them.

Thus the plunging of the young boys into the waters of Spring Bayou for the golden cross, signifies the immersion into the River Jordan of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tradition has it that th elucky boy who recovers the golden cross on Epiphany Day will be followed by the blessing of the church throughout the year.

An innovation in the festival of Epiphany is made known by the committee, this is to be the Blessing of the Boats on January 7. It is planned to follow the service at St. Nicholas Cathedral on Saturday morning and at high noon parishioners will form a procession which will end at the wharf at the Sponge Exchange.

Here the picturesque sponge fleet will be lying at anchor and will receive the Blessing of the Boats, with Archbishop Michael, of New York, chief celebrant of the rites, performing this interesting ritual, dear to the heart of every seafaring man. He will be assisted by Father Karaphillis and visiting church dignitaries.

At the conclusion of the Blessing, the parade will reform and countermarch to the church where it will disband.

The Blessing of the Boats is always an interesting observance and having this rite in conjunction with Epiphany sems especially fitting. To the men who go out on the water of the Gulf of Mexico in search of sponge fishing, it will mean much, for they will start out to sea embued with a feeling of faith and good fortune that the Blessing of the Boats brings to the men who spend most of their lives upon the water.

The committee plans to make this an annual event and invites visitors to remain over Epiphany to watch this interesting observance.

Archbishop Michael, Father Karaphillis and distinguished visiting clergy will go to the sponge wharves where the crews and onlookers will kneel reverently. A golden cross will be lifted and the sign of the cross made over them. After the benediction a vessel containing holy water will be placed over the top of the cabin of a boat with the cross of gold glittering in the center. At the sides of the vessel will lay sprigs of sweet basil (vasiliko), a fragrant herb of the mint family, held sacred in the Greek Hellenic Orthodox church and used in many rituals. Tradition states that basil grew in profusion at the foot of the Cross where Christ was crucified, and so has been held sacred by devout church members all through the years.

After the blessing of the water the Archbishop will dip a spray of the "vasiliko" into the water and sprinkle each member of the crew upon their heads. Then the boat will be sprinkled from stem to stern, with all the diving equipment, masts and fixtures also receiving the blessing. Going below deck, the engines, bunks and all sections of the boat will also receive the holy water. During this ritual "Litania" is recited, this being supplications to God to invoke blessing upon men and boat.

Then, the ceremony completed, each man will be wished good luck by the clergy, and pieces of basil will be distributed among the people, symbol of good luck, which they will cherish.

The Blessing of the Boats takes place twice a year, in January and July, and is one of the most colorful of the many services in the Greek church. This is the first time it had been held the day after Epiphany and it is planned to make this an annual part of that festival.

St. Nicholas is the patron saint of seafaring men, and every boat has the icon, picture of St. Nicholas which hangs above a holy light (kandili), ever burning, aboard ship. This is revered by all sponge fishing men, and tended carefully for should its light go out, ill luck is feared.

In Greece it is still the custom in all villages near the sea to name their church St. Nicholas, and the beautiful cathedral in Tarpon Springs is but another continuation of this old custom.

The sponge boats, ever picturesque and interesting to visitors, are built on the ancient Greek model used nearly 2,000 years ago when Christ sailed the sea of Galilee. The design of the boats differs but slightly from the original one, they have the same high curving bow and stern and ride high and proud upon the water like a young crescent moon.

It has always been stated that these boats will outride any storm they may encounter on the Gulf of Mexico, but their riding comfort does not equal their stamina for they bob and roll about the sea in a fashion that makes them uncomfortable to anyone but the Greek seamen.

The Greeks Have a Sign for It

Statistics show women are more superstitious than the members of the stronger sex, and among the Greek-speaking women of Tarpon Springs, the superstitions are many and unusual.

One of the often-used superstitions is tried on an expectant mother. The trick is to sprinkle salt on the top of her head, while she isn't looking, then sit back and watch. If the first gesture she makes with her hands is toward her head, the child will be a girl; if the hands go anywhere toward the lower part of her body, it will be a boy.

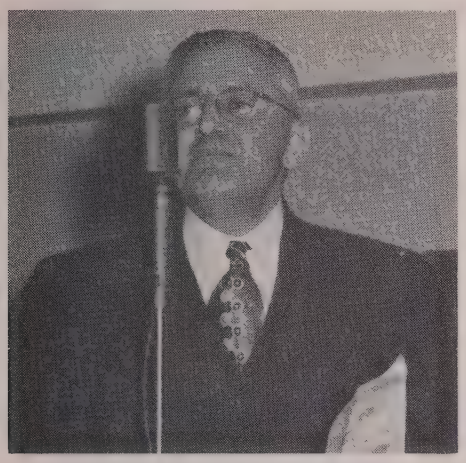
When questioned, one mother had this to say: "I cannot help but believe there is something to it. When it was tried out on me, I first ran my hands through my hair, then in the next instant, straightened my skirt. When I was told what had happened, we laughed and decided that there was no telling what the sex of the baby would be. Then, to top it all, I had twins. First a girl and fifteen minutes later a boy. Can you blame me for being a little superstitious?

Another custom which is always considered necessary with a new-born baby, is the placing of something gold on the baby's garments the day it is born. Superstition has it that the first three days of a child's life, the fairies come to call on the baby and decide its fate. If there is gold on the child they will beb well pleased and predict only good things," continued the mother.

It would seem that the babies really come in for their share of customs and superstitions. Each person who looks upon a new baby for the first time, may comment on its looks, health, etc. But the words must be followed by a "puffing" into the child's face. If by any chance the person unknowingly put the "evil eye" on the child, then this will immediately remove it. This is somewhat disturbing to the sleeping infant.

Should a mother return home with her child and note that it seemed listles and restless, she would rack her brain to remember who spoke to

(Continued on Page 44)



Mr. D. PARRY

well known Chicago lawyer, has been an active leader in civic and social activities, particularly in the AHEPA, the Hellenic Club of Professional Men, and lately in the Greek Displaced Persons Committee. Mr. Parry is highly esteemed as a lawyer and as a civic leader in political circles in Chicago.

KRIKOS MAGAZINE

KRIKOS, a Greek monthly review of contemporary life, literature and arts, edited and directed by John Adamantiou, John P. Lemos and Lefteris Yiallouros, made its debut in London some time ago. Ably edited and containing interesting material on the Greek scene, this publication claims to cover the literary and artistic happenings of the Greeks all over the world outside Greece proper. This claim is substantiated by the variety of subjects offered in every issue. A comparatively recent issue for instance contains a story about Dimitris Galanis, the world famous artist, with a beautiful reproduction from his etchings. A very well written article on the great early Greek Fathers, poetry, short stories, historical features and book reviews, including an exhaustive report on what's going on in the Hellenic communities of the diaspora, England, America, France, Germany, etc.

The address: KRIKOS, 45b Elgin Crescent, London WII England.

We recommend this excellent publication to our readers. The subscription price is $5.00 a year for America.

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Athens

By JOHN BELASCO

DEAR READER: Out of respect to the Homecoming Year problamation by King Paul, I am dedicating my column this time to the city of Athens. And although war clouds are hovering again over the horizon, we here in the east believe that there will be no war, and that now is the time for Greek-Americans to visit the motherland. 1951 will be a year of celebrations and patriotic activity, and no city will be more alluring this year, than the violet-crowned city of Athens.

Of course it is not my purpose this time to introduce Greece to the reader, since both the history and the civilization of that famous land are known to everyone. But to a Greek the shores of Hellas this year are a mecca, and to an American a visit to the historic land will be a pleasure mixed with admiration, since most of the latter know of the Greek element in the United States, have made friends with them, and they also have read of the beauty and historic associations and the relics which fill Greece.

THE PARTHENON

For us Greek-Americans who have never visited Greece again, a pilgrimage this year will fill our eyes with tears of joy once we gaze upon her shores and mountains. It happened to me many times and it happened to others as well. But this year is different. Much different. Returning to Greece this year for a visit is like going to a continuous pageantry as there will be celebrations galore in practically all corners of Greece.

When after many years in the United States I visited Greece for the first time, I was overwhelmed with her ancient glories. The surroundings and music brought back recollections of my childhood. I visited Issari, Arcadia, where I was born and many other places besides during my six months visit, and I was impressed by the beautiful historic sites and the natural beauties of the land, which have been famed since antiquity. But the biggest attraction naturally is the capital of Greece, Athens.

The city of Athens, as we all know, is second to none in beauty and historical associations. It is called the violet-crowned by its ancient poets, and her skies are clear and blue. The adjoining blue Aegean enhances its beauty. There are various theories regarding the origin of the name of Athens. It is now held that it is derived from its patron goddess, Athene (Athena). The history of the famous city goes back to Pelasgian times, but it was not inhabited by Hellenic tribes till the 15th century B. C. First king of Athens was Kekrops. No records have been preserved which show the populations of Athens during the 5th century B. C. when the city was at the acme of its power. But during the early part of the last century, when Athens was still under Turkish domination, its population was reduced to 5000. In the year 1869 it had a population of 65,000. But today its metropolitan area including some suburbs and the Piraeus is said to have passed the mark of 1,500,000.

TEMPLE OF ZEUS

Objectively speaking I found the city of Athens the most convenient large city in Europe. Athens is most convenient too to an American. He will find many things to remind him of this country, especially in the stores. Athens is the key to the near East and to Egypt. It has many interesting attractions for the tourist besides the antiquities.

What gives Athens its immortal brilliance is the rock of the Acropolis rising from the center of the city and resting on the top of the Acropolis are the world's most famous buildings, the Proppylae, the Erecheion, the Temple of Niki, and of course, the Parthenon.

THE ATHENS STADIUM

The Parthenon was dedicated to Athena Parthenos, "The Virgin". It was built at the time of Pericles by two architects, Ictinos and Callicrates, and it was supervised and embellished by the sculptor Pheidias. The actual building was begun in 447 B. C. and it was completed in the year 438 B. C. Its style is Doric. It was 100 feet long. On three sides it was supported by a Doric colonnade. The metopes over the outer colonnade were all sculptured, and represented on the east the battle of

THE ZAPEION—MOST IMPORTANT EXHIBITION HALL IN ATHENS

Gods and Giants, and on the west the battle of Greeks and Amazons; on the south Greeks and Centaurs. Those on the north are almost lost. The east pediment represents the birth of Athene, the west pediment her contest with Poseidon for the and of Attica. The frieze at the sides represents the Panathenaic procession.

The Parthenon probably remained intact until the 5th Century of our era when the statue of Athene was removed.

Those who will visit Athens this year, which as I say above is Homecoming Year, will get an opportunity to see all these beautiful sites on the Acro-

THE ACADEMY

polis, and at the same time they'll get the benefits of all the events which will take place, and which will cover everything: Archeology, the theatre, music, festivals, cruises in the Aegean, visits to the famed Islands of Greece, etc., etc. I urge every one who can take the trip to go to Greece this year. It will be an experience one will never forget.

BOOKS

(Continued from Page 32)

LENISTIC HISTORIOGRAPHY by Truesdell S. Brown (University of California Press. Berkeley, Cal. 1949. 196 pp. $3.00) details the story and ideas of such a mutilated writer.

Onesicritus was an officer in the retinue of Alexander the Great, particularly on the invasion of India and the sea voyage homeward. On his return to Greece he published a history in which he seems to have attempted to harmonize the deeds of Alexander with the principles of Diogenes the Cynic. Dr. Brown restores him to his rightful position in Hellenistic historiography by analyzing his fragments and setting them against the background of the other literature from his period. Onesicritus was a pupil of Diogenes, and in his famous interview with the naked Indian philosophers he made them talk like Cynics. Also, in his characterization of Alexander, whom the later Cynics despised as a tyrant, he followed the encommium literature of his time, and his description of the Land of Musicanus was written in the tradition of the contemporary Utopian literature.

This is a documented but interesting study which leads us to realize almost dramatically the loss to our understanding of Alexander and his era suffered by the blanking out of Onesicritus' history.

MYTHS AND SANDSPURS

The old Greek myths have not only delighted readers for many centuries, but they have also inspired the greatest painters and artists of ancient and modern times. In the little book GODS AND GODDESSES IN ART AND LEGEND: Great Myths As Pictured By Great Masters (Pocket Books, Inc. New York. 1950. 112 pp.), Herman J. Wechsler retells the best known of these tales and illustrates them with reproductions from Botticelli, El Greco, Delacroix, Raphael, Rubens, Correggio, Ingres, Titian, and others.

The author points out that he is making no attempt to interpret the philosophy underlying these myths, nor to touch on any other of their serious aspects. "We approach our subject," he adds, "like children wanting to believe in fairy tales and magic and the impossible." So he makes us escape with Helen and Ulysses, Jason and Hercules, Zeus and Venus, and the other gods and heroes of Old Hellas.

This is a paper-covered book which sells for 25 cents, but it is a most charming volume which deserves to be brought out in more enduring form. I got a kick out of thumbing through it on a river bank in sunny Florida, punctuated with yelps from the Mrs. who sat amongst a bumper crop of sandspurs.

C. J. LAMPOS

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GREGORY-STASINOPOULOS
Nuptials Highlight Chicago Social Season

The wedding ceremony of Miss Eugenia S. Gregory of Chicago and Mr. Nicholas Elias Stasinopoulos of Athens, Greece, was blessed by two bishops and three priests at St. Andrews' Greek Church in Chicago, amid the splendors and brilliance made possible by the unique background of the Byzantine church wedding service.

The officiating Bishops were His Grace Elias Gerasimos of Chicago and his Grace Athenagoras Kokinakis, recently elevated to the Bishopric of Elaia but now in charge of the West Coast Hellenic Orthodox communities. In addition to the rector of St. Andrews, Rev. George Mastrantonis, the two priests who participated in the ceremony were Rev. Daniel Gambriles of St. Nicholas Church and Rev. Dio Nestorides of St. Demetrios Church, both of the Chicago diocese. The noted St. Andrew's choir under the leadership of its well known musical director, Mr. Minas Booras, rendered the soothing and melodious Byzantine troparia of the service. It should be added that the bride herself was a member of this same choir.

The bride's father, S. J. Gregory, a leader in American Hellenic circles, is considered among the most progressive theatre magnates in America. The groom, a graduate of the University of Athens, is now attending Boston University, and is the son of the well known Athenian industrialist, Elias Stasinopoulos, leaders in the plumbing and hydraulic business in Athens under the trade name Stasinopoulos Bros."

The bridal procession, one of the most most impressive ever seen in St. Andrew's was preceded by three charming bridesmaids: Miss Helen Karzas, Miss Tasia Diacou and Miss Rhea Annis. Mrs. Spiros Papas, sister to the bride, was the matron of honor, while her little daughter Maria was the flower girl.

Mr. George Annes, one of Chicago's leading restaurateurs, was the best man.

A wedding reception was held at the Art Room of the Blackstone Hotel and more than 300 guests were seated at the banquet that followed in the Grand Ballroom of the same hotel. Numerous telegrams arrivevd from all parts of the country and from abroad.

The charming bride was very active and popular among the younger set in her community, an accomplished pianist, she also studied voice and speaks French. Her American and Hellenic background is excellent due in a large measure to the influence of her cultured surroundings, her home, her parents and the family's traditions. Her father, S. J. Gregory, is chairman of the St. Andrew's building fund, has been active in several patriotic drives and as president and general manager of the Alliance Theatre Corporation he guides the destinies of the company's 100 theatres in Illinois,, Indiana, Wisconsin and Washington.

MRS. NICHOLAS E. STASINOPOULOS

The groom, a native of Athens, speaks English, French and German, and is studying to be a hydraulic engineer so that he may look after the family business.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas E. Stasinopoulos will make their home in Athens, Greece.

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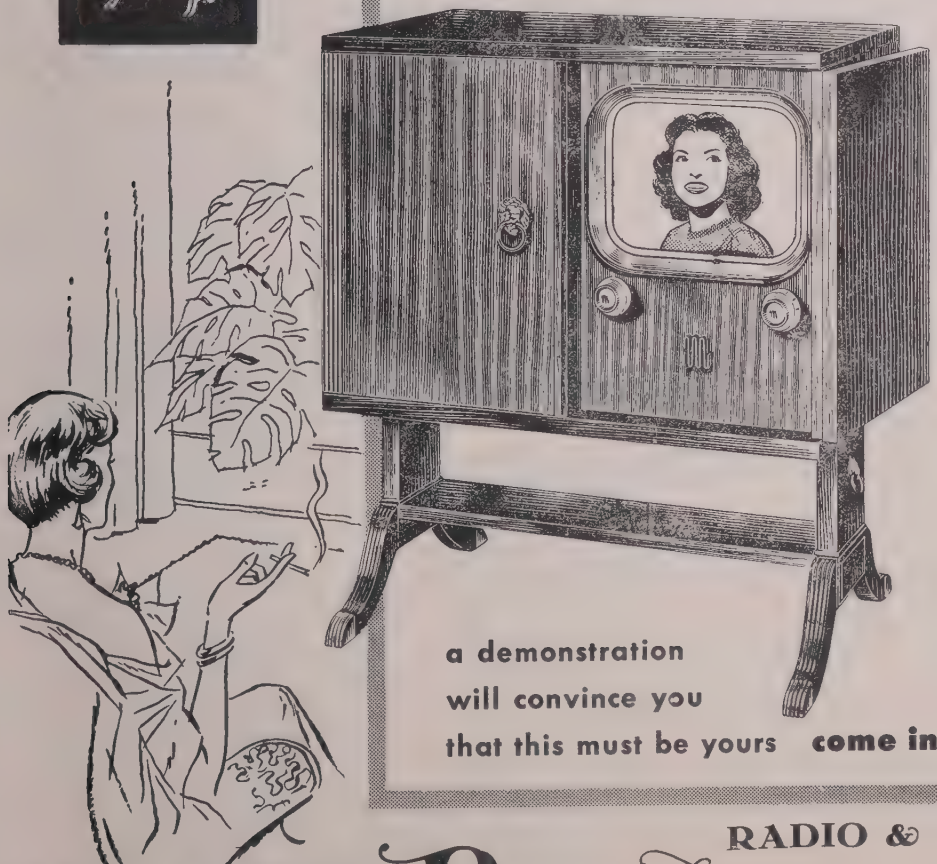

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Papageorgiou-Siavelis Wedding Unites Two Well Known Chicago Families

One of the season's smartest events in the Chicago Hellenic community was the wedding of Miss Helen Peter Siavelis to Mr. Evangelos Papageorgiou, son of the well known Chicago business leader, Anthony Papageorgiou.

The wedding gceremony took place at St. Constantine's Church on Chicago's South Side. Rev. Mark Petrakis and Rev. Kostas Karkaris of St. Constantine's parish and the Rev. George Mastrantonis of St. Andrew's Church officiated. The beautiful Byzantine nuptial hymns were rendered by the well trained St. Constantine choir, under the leadership of its choirmaster, Mr. George Demopoulos.

Mr. Constantine Kotselas of the Pekin Cleaners organization was the best man, assisted by Vasilio Spelios of Milwaukee. The charming Misses Katina Nicholaou, Phyllis Kapasouri and Eutychia Papageorgiou were bridesmaids. Mrs. Angeliki Maniates, aunt of the groom was the matron of honor. Messrs. Gregory Dritsas, John Dasiou and John Maniates were ushers. The flower girls in the above photograph are little Theodora Papageorgiou, and Joan Siavelis. The attractive ring boy is Christ Zaglifa.

A sumptuous wedding reception and banquet followed the ceremony at the Crystal Ballroom of the Shoreand Hotel. More than 350 friends of both families toasted the newlyweds. Telegrams were read from this country and Greece. They spent their honeymoon at Pam Beach, Florida, where the father of the groom owns a pretentious winter home.

Anthony Papageorgiou, the father of the groom is president of Pekin Cleaners, a progressive organization which owns a plant and 42 outlets in Chicago. He is also known for his active leadership in Community affairs, having served often in hight posts in church and civic organizations. Our congratulations, too, to the mothers of the newlyweds, Mrs. Julia Papageorgiou, and Mrs. Maria Siavelis for bringing up these two fine young people. A happy participant of the event was also the grandmother of the groom, Mrs. Eutychia Zaglifa.

Ethel Ross-Harvey Spilos Wedding at Palm Beach

Mr. Harvey Spilos helping his charming bride, Ethel, cut their wedding cake at Palm Beach, Floradia where they were married recently. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Constantine Roubekas, 130 Peruvian Avenue, Palm Beach, who was famous some years back as a wrestler under the name of Gus Ross. John Chotas, well known Atlanta, Georgia restaurateur was the best man.

ELECTED BANK PRESIDENT

STUART ADAMS LYMAN

The Board of Trustees of "THE FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK" of New York announced recently the election of STUART ADAMS LYMAN as the tenth President of the Bank. Mr. Lyman succeeds Henry J. Cochran, who becomes Chairman of the Board.

Mr. Lyman is a graduate of Berkshire School and received his B. A. degree from Yale University in 1929. After a brief period with Dominick & Dominick he joined the staff of The Franklin Savings Bank in 1930. In 1935 Mr. Lyman was named Assistant Secretary and in 1941 became Comptroller. In October, 1944, he was elected to the Board of Trustees and since January, 1945 has been Vice-President and Comptroller. Mr. Lyman is a resident of Englewood, New Jersey, where he has been Vice-President and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Dwight School and a member of the Board of Englewood Hospital, and President of the Englewood Field Club.

Mr. Cochram, who has been actively engaged in banking since 1912, was formerly an officer of the Astor Trust Company and the Bankers Trust Company. He has been a member of the Board of Trustees of The Franklin since 1917 and was elected President in 1938. He is a Director of Bankers Trust Company, American Enka Corporation, American Smelting and Refining Company, National Biscuit Company and the West Side Association of Commerce. He has been a Trustee of Princeton University since 1922.

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GEN. PAUSANIAS KATSOTAS VISITS THE MIDDLE WEST

In a recent visit to Chicago, General Pausanias Katsotas of Greece, was received enthusiastically by his compatriots the Stereolladiton Society, who organized quite a few things in his honor. Here we see the General with the Rev. Daniel Gambriles, Supreme President of the Federation of Sterea Hellas, at Radio Station WHFC, Chicago, where the general spoke.

General Katsotas in addition to being one of the notable heroes of the Greek army, is also a member of the Greek parliament. He served with distinction during the Albanian campaign in 1940-41. He escaped from Greece and later saw service with the Allied forces in the Middle East and he fought at El Alamein at the head of a mechanized regiment which he himself organized. British Gen. Alexander praised his ability and heroism repeatedly. In 1944, a few weeks before the Germans left Greece, Gen. Katsotas flew there with an airplane and took charge of the Athens district. He was elected to parliament in 1946 and was re-elected last year.

Gen. Katsotas holds the American Medal of Honor, conferred by President Truman; the British Distinguished Service Medal; he became a member of the cabinet and at present he is in America as a member of the United Nations Greek delegation.

GEN. PAUSANIAS KATSOTAS with REV. DANIEL GAMBRILES, rector of St. Nicholas in Chicago, and Supreme President of the Federation of Sterea Hellas

GREEK EPIPHANY IN TARPON SPRINGS

(Continued from Page 36)

the child and did not "puff". There are many old-timers who are gifted with the power to remove the "evil eye" once it has been put upon a person.

Tuesday is generally considered a very unlucky day, not only by the women, but by the men also. No out-of-the-ordinary task is begun on Tuesday. A dress cut out on Tuesday will invariably turn out to be a "lemon". One way to get around that is to cut into the material Monday night. That breaks the spell.

Men of the sponge fleet will never set sail on a Tuesday, for such a trip would result in bad luck for the boat and crew. In connection with this, they were equally superstitious of the "woman in black" (now deceased) who was considered an evil influence. If she was seen on the docks when a sponge boat set sail, they would turn about and put to port, leaving the next day.

At Easter time it is considered good luck to crawl beneath the flower-bedecked catafalque which is placed in St. Nicholas church, signifying the bier of Christ. It is also considered good luck to take home a candle lighted at the church during the Resurrection services, and smoke the sign of the cross at the top door sill of the home.

There are many other superstitions which are practiced daily without giving any thought to them. In passing St. Nicholas Cathedral all members bless themselves, whether on foot or in a car; it is considered bad luck to pass a salt shaker or a bar of soap from one person's hands to another; sweeping under a person's feet or stepping over anyone's legs, while they are lying on the floor, will cause them to be an old maid or a bachelor; never brush your hands together at the concluson of a meal, as it denotes that the food just consumed benefits "no one but the devil." The first articles moved into a new dwelling are a broom and a loaf of bread, to insure a clean home and a full larder always.

While the rest of the world may joke about black cats, stepladders and Friday the thirteenth, Tarpon Springs takes its superstitions seriously.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933 and JULY 2, 1946

of ATHENE, published quarterly at Chicago, Ill., for October1, 1950, State of Illinois--County of Cook.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager is Demetrios A. Michalaros, 919 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

2. The owner is John T. Dariotis, 3503 S. 53rd Ave., Cicero, Illinois.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1950.

W. JONCKE
(My commission expires March 25, 1954)

ARTHUR H. PEPONIS of Chicago, Well Known Civic Community Leader Decorated by the Greek Government

Present at the ARTHUR PEPONIS DECORATION CEREMONY at the Greek Embassy, Washington, D. C. Front Line (l. to r.) Hon. JOHN KALLERGIS; A. PEPONIS and His Excellency Ambassador ATH. POLITIS. — Back Row (l. to r.) F. KAVALIERATOS; LOUIS MANIATES; D LAMBROS; PIERRE DEMETS; M. ALEXANDRAKIS; C. CHRISTOPHER; E. LICOURIS and D. TSINTOLAS.

An interesting ceremony took place at the Greek Embassy in Washington on January 19, 1951, when his Excellency Ambassador Athanasios Politis, on behalf of King Paul, awarded the Gold Medal of The Order of Phoenix to Mr. Arthur H. Peponis of Chicago in the presence of distinguished guests and members of the embassy staff.

We of course feel highly gratified for this signal honor and recognition to a civic leader whose exemplary services to America and to Greece we have had occasion to report in Athene time and again, and we wish to congratulate the Greek government for its well deserved decision.

For years now we have noted that Mr. Peponis has been working quietly to do a job of patriotic import, and he always managed to do it well. His activities cover tens of years of service, rendered for the common good. As president of the United Churches of Chicago which he served for over seven years he did a magnificent job; as Supreme Governor of the Order of Ahepa he is remembered for his constructive ideas; he was one of the main sponsors towards the purchase of the Hellenic Archdiocese building in Chicago, and he has been a staunch supporter over the years of the Archdiocese, the Greek Orthodox Seminary at Pomfret, Conn., the St. Basil Academy and the Patriarchate; and it was in his Plaza Cleaners & Dyers plant at 1523 N. Clark St., one of the largest in Chicago, that hundreds of thousands of garments were processed for relief shipment to Greece.

During the two years he served as Supreme President of the strong Pan-Arcadian Federation of America he not only took the initiative in promoting the construction of the Pan-Arcadian Tripolis Hospital, one of the best in Europe, but he also increased the membership and enlarged the scope of the Federation. And when he visited Greece last year at the head of the Pan-Arcadian excursion which dedicated the hospital, he and Mrs. Peponis were received by their majesties the King and Queen of Greece.

At present a member of the mixed board of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America, Mr. Peponis will never cease to work for a worthy cause because he is a constructive executive and a man of action.

A BIG FISH STORY FROM WISCONSIN

This one did not get away, according to our three champion fishermen in the adjoining photograph. They are (l. to r.) Peter G. Maniates, well known Chicago realtor; Andrew G. Kanelos, Chicago industrial leader and president of the nationally known Andes Candies company; and Joe Farago, president of the Master Paper Box Co. of Chicago, one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country.

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FLORIDA—AND THE GREEK TOUCH

(Continued from Page 34)

and will kiss it and dispose of it tenderly if he finds it thrown away. After touring this bakery, I can understand why.

The girl in the retail store on the premises informed us that Greek bread is made on order. Mr. Karnegis loaned me the accompanying cut of the St. Sophia Church and smiled almost embarassed when Louise told him how much we enjoyed going through his bakery.

Feeling homesick for Greek cooking, we went to the Cafe Pallas Athena, which has an "exclusive Grecian cuisine". The lamb, eggplant, rice, and yaourty were very cheering, but we had a private dining-room most of the time we were there. Apparently this is too small a Greek community for this type of a Greek restaurant.

If there is such a thing as a Northern gentleman, the nation would be lucky indeed if Anthony Pappageorgiou of the Pekin Cleaners, Chicago, could serve as a model. We drove to Palm Beach, Florida, late in January and visited with him for a couple of hours at his lovely Winter home, 122 Peruvian Avenue. He and Mrs. Papageorgiou had just returned from Nassau, Bahama Islands, where they and Supreme President, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thevos, and Mr. and Mrs. G. Geroulis, Supreme Treasurer of AHEPA accompanied by Mr and Mrs. Gus Johnson of Lexington, Ky., and Captain Kotsarides of Miami had started that locality's first AHEPA Chapter with 35 charter members. We found Mr. Pappageorgiou and his wife in swim attire at work on what we wager to be one of the most beautiful lawns in all Palm Beach.

Most hospitable people, too! There was a clan gathering because of the Harvey Spilos—Ethel Ross wedding the previous day, and we chatter with several of the remaining participants. The bride's father, Constantine Roubekas, 130 Peruvian Avenue, Palm Beach, was famous some year ago as a wrestler under the name of Gus Ross, and the koumparos is John Chotas, restaurateur of 906 Boulevard Circle, Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr. Pappageorgiou told us that there is no Greek church in Palm Beach, but that the local AHEPA Chapter has just bought a community center which will be used for services and meetings.

I broke the plastic flamingo in the indoor garden of the house where we are living, and we went to Frenchy's Variety Gift Shop, 6405 Biscayne Blvd., Miami, to get a new one. This is a Greek-owned firm, and I would rather plunge into the Atlantic Ocean than take its inventory because there seem to be several million objects on the premises. There are every type of souvenirs and ornaments from tiny ear-rings to huge lawn swans, turtles, and deer.

The Greek touch is evident everywhere in these parts. One morning I was driving our big black Dodge through the heart of Miami and nearly ran down a traffic cop when I saw the court house. It has magnificent Greek columns.

I shall write you, sir, of further Greek touches hereabouts for the next issue of ATHENE.

Sincerely,

—C. J. LAMPOS

MOONLIGHT

Who thrills the sleeping lake
With cool, white hands and tender?
With soft, whispered promises of amethyst and gold?
. . .
And the white opal of the evening sky
Dreams pale dreams of palest blue . . .

—E. STEPHANOU

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DYNAMIC SYMMETRY BASIS OF RABUN GAP FAMOUS JAY HAMBIDGE ART FOUNDATION

(Continued from Page 21)

ture and the Handcrafts are the basis of a true civilization. These can be brought to a higher development through scientific knowledge. In Greece this has been too passive, in America too active.

Agriculture has gone hand in hand with our Craft work here. We are almost self sustaining, growing our own vegetables, raising our own cows for milk and butter, our own sheep for wool and having our own water mill for grinding the wheat and corn we grow ourselves. On our farm we plant cover crops and legumes to build up the soil, trees and vines to stop erosion and we are trying out winter pastures recommended by our expert farm advisers to stay green all winter. These might work in Greece—Kentucky 31 Fescue Grass, Ladino Clover and Rye Grass. It occurred to me some time ago that Lespedeza and Kudzu might suit the climate of Greece to plant on her eroded hillsides and I recommended them to some of your representatives in New York. This would improve the grazing for cattle and give better and more milk for the children.

I was shocked to hear recently that the Greek Weavers were now using rayon threads imported from England! This made me shudder when I pictured the great yellow skeins of raw silk hanging around the shops in Athens and the beautiful "coucoularico," spun by the peasant women on their distaffs and spindles. No artificial fibre can ever compare with the lustrous beauty of natural silk, which evolves from the very being of the silk worm itself. It is a sensitive creature, responding to the love and personal care given it by producing a more beautiful quality of silk. This quality is at once affected by mechanical methods, commercially prepared food or sudden changes and shocks. Just so, it seems to me, Greek art developed from the inner life of the people themselves; a life unforced by mechanism but going through a natural growth process with all the various parts related and balanced into a unified **whole.**

In America wise people today are preaching decentralization, a return to the Land, the building up of self-sustaining rural centers. The Greeks do not need to have this taught to them. In their methods of colonization in the past they practiced these very ideas. All they need is a new stimulus in the means to develop their own ideas, which are so basically true. America can help them with these material means and we in turn need a new application of those simple, natural, Hellenic principles, which made us a great People in the first place.

Personally, I should like to see a great revival of Hellenic Truth (not Hellenistic), the Greek language (modern not ancient, there is deep significance in the **Word**) again taught in our Colleges and special study devoted to first principles. What we need today is a revitalizing of these ideals. They are just as true today as they have always been because they are based on Natural **Law.** A deeper understanding of these would bring about a greater understanding between our two peoples and between all Peoples.

I hope, by this long explanation, I have been able to make the ideal of the work clearer to you.

With my best wishes and in gratitude to Greece, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

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THE PREFERENCE FOR THE BLONDE TYPE IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME

(Continued from Page 14)

small nose, and rather long hands. We have Cato's statement that even in his time the Roman women were dyeing their hair red. Juvenal censures the women of his day for wearing periwigs of blond color and suggests that the ones who use such are bad. And the scholiast writes that such a custom was that of a *meritrix*, a complaint that we find in Greece, as we have seen above. The scholiast further states that the Roman matrons had black hair. The scholia to Hesiod state that people blondined their hair only when they were drunken. On the other hand, some people dyed their hair dark, as we find in Athens, and as we see in the *Greek Anthology* where Lucillius accuses Nicollo of dyeing her hair jet black; so does Martial inveigh against this practice. The scholia to Homer's *Iliad* speak of the dark people as being stronger, and Eustathius seconds this opinion. This reminds us of Plato's statement that the dark are manly. We do not know the appearance of many Roman writers, but Vergil is said to have been dark and rustic-looking, though of tall and large build. His own descriptions are mostly those of heroic persons and of those which had been settled by the Greek Epic tradition and by that of the Bucolic poets; so we cannot derive any help from his evidence. Horace is described by Augustus as short and round and was possibly dark. His Pyrrha, Miss Red, was a courtesan and cannot be taken seriously. His preference perhaps is to be seen in Lycus, the boy of Alcaeus, "comely with his black eyes and his black hair" (note the emphasis), and also in his *Ars Poetica*, 37. Plautus apparently was blond; his preference for blondness is marked. Terence also is said to have been dark. He detested red hair and blue or green eyes and considered the red-haired people as ugly.

DEMETRA VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 27)

The ferry landed me at the Battery. The sky above was blue, with diaphanous clouds floating across it. The trees had lost their gaunt winter look. Upon the branches, tender green leaves were timidly emerging, and there were birds singing. Spring was in the air and in my heart. But for the massacre of those poor Armenians I should never have been alone in a new country: a meagre sum of money in my pocket, and a meagre amount of English in my head.

Yet I was not afraid. Anna Mix, and the uncle and aunt with whom she lived in New York, were a source of confidence. Joyfully I walked around the battery, my young courage matching the sky and the trees and the singing birds. "We esteem courage to be freedom," Pericles said, "and freedom to be happiness."

I sat on a bench and watched the waves of the harbor lap the shore of the Battery. Had I known the history of this new world, I should have felt kinship with those other women who had come long ago to face an America even more formidable than the one I was facing.

After a while I looked at my dollar watch—my gold one I had sold in Turkey. When it was time, I

eagerly walked to the newspaper office, not far away. To my delight they gave me a cubby-hole of my own, with a desk, and there I hung up my hat and coat. On the desk was the **Courier des Etats Unis,** with paper and pencil. Exhilaration possessed me. I was a paid newspaper worker—and I do love work. I became so absorbed that the proof-reader, a kindly oldish man, came to my cubby hole to tell me it was past lunch time, and that I had better go out and eat. "And don't hurry back, either. You have half an hour to yourself."

But nectar and ambrosia being my food that day, I did not eat any luncheon. This new life, utterly my own, and earning money to pay for my needs, intoxicated me. So I walked around the Battery, and returned to the office to work some more.

By four o'clock I felt fagged out and hungry, and decided not to go without luncheon again. Late in the afternoon I read my work to the editor. He made a number of suggestions and alterations. On the whole, however, he was pleased. I took my copy to the proof-reader and confined to him that I was a poor speller. He nodded, and went over the work with me. My handwriting is abominable, only he was a genius at deciphering it, and by suggesting how to form certain letters, he rarely had to come to ask me what a word meant. He was an unusual Greek—a silent one—but his eyes shone with kindness, when he said good-morning and good-evening, and he became my friend and guardian.

For lunch on the second day I had a bun and a glass of milk—all I could afford—and again I sat and watched the waters of the harbor. Its companionship, its relation to my own childhood, created a bond between it and the Sea of Marmora, upon whose shores I was born, and whose beauty had delighted my childhood. Only, to my sorrow, the waters of the Battery were polluted with garbage.

It was inexplicable to me why people of this new world, incapable of creating beauty, should contaminate what God gave them. Orange and melon peels rode the waves, and I wondered if I could ever love this new world which gave me such exhilarating freedom.

What I was earning was not enough for my room rent at the hotel and for my food, and anxiety began to mar my independence. How I heard about a French home for governesses I don't remember, but on Sunday I went to see it. It was in the twenties, near Ninth Avenue, under the auspices of the Catholic Church.

The French lady at its head told me that since she had two vacancies she could take me in, but if those places should be needed by Catholic or French women I should have to go. The two vacancies were in a room for three, and the price for bed and meals relieved me of my anxiety. I moved in that same day.

We were supposed to make our beds, sweep our room, and keep it in order. When Aline, my room-mate, saw that I had to leave very early for work, and in the evening barely had time to change my clothes and go to my private lessons, she offered to do all the housework. Before long she was also doing my laundry, and ironing as only a Frenchwoman can.

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The newspaper began piling more and more work on me—much more than I had agreed to do; but the added work was the part I liked best. It was reading the letters that came in, and answering them. At first I read them to the owner, who dictated the answers. After a week, he let me do it all myself. Ah! those letters of poor Greek immigrants, so badly written, so badly spelled! They gave me a glimpse into the hearts and minds of those young men who had left the beauty of Greece, the simple and joyous life of their villages, to come to America, because Greece was too poor to provide work for her sons.

From these letters I learned that they had sold all they had, or had mortgaged the lands that had belonged to them for generations, because they had believed that by landing in America they could at once gets jobs at big wages. Their letters were full of the hardships and difficulties they had met, and the predicaments they had got into because they could not speak English. They begged the newspaper to tell them what to do.

Those pitiful letters would not have to be written, if the American people, so generous and altruistic, could only realize that the best foreign missions would be among the foreigners on their own shores: so eager to learn, to progress, to give to their new country the treasures they have brought in their hearts and in their minds. Such a "Foreign Mission" would guide the immigrants during the difficult first six months after their arrival: teach them English; explain to them what America stands for; what her laws and ideals are. Why should the American people spend enormous sums to superimpose a little Christianity upon the citizens of Japan, China, India, Turkey—and neglect the foreigners in their own land, whose work goes to the upbuilding of the American commonwealth?

Day after day I deciphered those letters, so full of pain and anxiety, often with difficulty and with the help of the nice proof-reader. I began to write to them, not in the condescending way the owner used to, but as if their troubles were my troubles. At that time the Greek immigration to America was small. It did not really start until after the disastrous war with Turkey in 1897. The immigrants were scattered over the forty-eight states, often a lone Greek in a town. The kind proof-reader also became sympathetic with their troubles, and I went to him for advice, not to the cynical owner.

Oddly enough, heart-breaking as those letters were, they were the part of my work I liked best. It assuaged my loneliness to do something for others who were even lonelier. However, they absorbed so much of my time that I had to neglect my studies, and there was no chance to practice English. At the office I spoke Greek, and at the Home, French. Presently Normal College closed, and Anna Mix left the city for her up-state home. Even before this, the heat burst upon New York. If its cold had been hard to bear, the heat was worse. Some of the horses that drew the street-cars died every day, in spite of their straw bonnets and their fly-nets. Though I pitied them, I resented their making the whole city smell like a stable. In the unbearable heat, the smell was poison to me. Even in my sleep I could not get away from it.

The treeless streets stored up the heat by day, and remained hot all night. Every morning I would put on a fresh, washable dress, which became limply moist, and stuck to me by the middle of the afternoon. On returning to the Home I changed everything. Yet even though I washed in cold water, I still remained hot. My room-mate, Aline, was an angel. She washed my clothes, and even arranged them in the bureau drawers.

With great effort I kept on studying English. I went to a nearby public library and asked the librarian if she could let me have a book of very good English on some European subject, so that I could better understand it. She was not very helpful, but let me go into the history section to find one for myself. I chose Carlyle's French Revolution, and every day copied a certain number of lines, and learned them by heart.

It became too hot to go out for my bun and glass of milk, so I brought oranges to my cubby-hole, and spent the noon time looking in the dictionary for the words I did not know—and there were so many of them in Carlyle!

One evening Aline and I went out after supper to find a little park where we could sit under a tree. When we found one, it was littered with newspapers and rubbish. Coatless, unshaven men were sleeping on all the benches. Disconsolately we returned to the Home, our feet sticking to the melting hot pavement.

It was like heaven, getting back to our room, which was behind the parlor, and had two French windows opening on the yard. There we sat on the floor, and Aline began to talk of herself and her life. She was in the late thirties and had been in America for five years, yet spoke no English. Attracted by the big wages paid here, she had calculated that in five years she could lay enough aside to return to her village in Picardie and start a little inn. "Now the five years have passed," she said bitterly, "and all I have put aside is part of my passage-money back to France."

She believed absolutely that there was a conspiracy between the steamship lines and the railroads to crack up America, in order to make money out of the gullible immigrants. She acknowledged that wages were higher here, but since one had to pay three or four times as much for everything one bought, one was really not so well off as abroad—and there was no pleasure. In addition you were not as well treated in American homes as in French. And American children were terrible: spoiled, undisciplined; and no authority was given you over them — you couldn't punish them. And on your evenings off there was no vaudeville to which you could go for little money. Going to vaudeville was Aline's idea of happiness.

Since it was too hot to work by artificial light, we nightly sat talking by the open window. I pieced her story together, and came to the conclusion that her failure in America was due to her unfitness for the position of nursery-governess. She disliked children, and could not control them. The longest she had stayed in one place was a year, and since she was often out of work, her savings dwindled away.

The French are supposed to be very practical, but Aline was not. I asked why she did not go to a steamship company, and see if she could not work her passage back to France as a stewardess.

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"Do you think I could do that?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes, you might. Go tomorrow to a big steamship line and find out."

How can I talk with them when I don't know English?" So I undertook to do it for her, by asking for an hour's leave from the newspaper. We learned that she could get such a position, but only if she could speak English.

Then from my own meagre knowledge I undertook to teach her—and teaching her helped me a great deal more than Carlyle had. At the Greek newspaper there were simple books for the immigrants: Greek on one side and English on the other. I bought a copybook, turned the Greek into French, and every evening taught Aline. This was of inestimable value for me, because I learned all the everyday expressions.

Also I convinced Aline that she had better not try for a governess's position any more, but became a lady's maid. It would pay her better, and she would learn more English. On her return to Paris she could work in one of the shops where English was needed.

One evening, on going to my closet for a fresh dress, I found a new yellow one hanging there. Aline had bought the material and made it by hand, with pretty tucks and lace insertions.

"Aline!" I cried, "your talents are in your fingers. Make a few dresses like this, and we'll go to the shops and sell them. Why you could get a lot of money for this gown."

The next morning, wearing the new yellow gown, I went to Altman's then down town, and asked to see the head of the shop. In my broken English I asked him to examine the gown, and tell me if the lady who made it could sell gowns like this to his shop.

He took me up to the work rooms, where I had to stand on a little platform and turn around and around, while they studied the gown. They gibbered a lot with each other; at the end agreed to interview Aline, and I arranged to bring her around Saturday afternoon. And they actually offered her five dollars for every gown she made, they to furnish the material.

She could make one in two days. At the end of the week she triumphantly put down her dollars before me: "Now we can go to a vaudeville!"

The Carlyle book I took back to the library, and got out a book of stories for children instead. Every evening Aline and I learned paragraphs from it by heart—though our pronunciation must have been something to marvel at. (To be continued)

GREEK-AMERICAN COLONIES, CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 23)

reason of its importance and location, the Greek colony of New York will grow further in size and importance.

We are informed that the New York Greeks maintain about sixteen Greek Orthodox churches in the greater metropolitan area. (To be continued)

FOOTNOTES

1. J. L. WILLIAMS: The Territory of Florida (1837).
2. C. DOGGET: Dr. Turnbull and New Smyrna Colony, p. 194.
3. SERAPHIM G. CANOUTAS: Hellenism in America, pp. 160-177.
4. Ibid: pp. 163-184.

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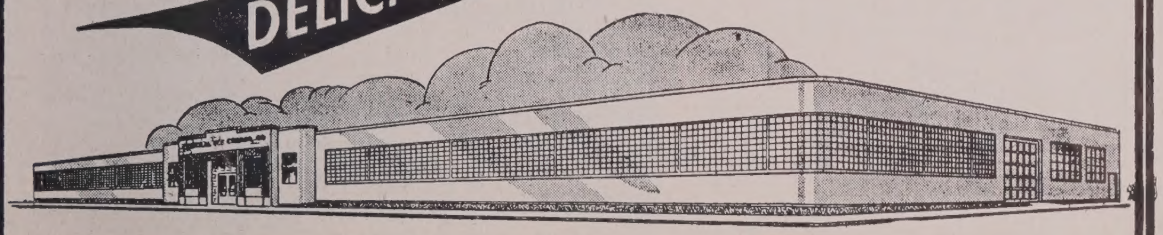

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★

DELICIOUS AND NUTRICIOUS

Andes Candies
THE PEAK OF ALL

50 SHOPS IN CHICAGO AND SUBURBS